

THE Golden Way.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN and MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,
PUBLISHERS.

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The Golden Way

MAGAZINE

WILL be devoted to the dissemination of TRUTH, on all the live issues of the day, which affect directly or indirectly the advancement of Progressive Thought.

Believing that SPIRITUALISM, as a science, solves the riddle of the Sphinx, answers the question of the Ages, and presents to man the most magnificent elucidation of his immortal destiny, it will especially advocate the truth of Psychic Phenomena.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN

AND

MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,

} Publishers.

Address "GOLDEN WAY" 624 Polk Street, San Francisco.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

THE PHASE OF MATERIALIZATION.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

LIKE Epes Sargent, M. J. Savage and many who are distinguished as spiritualists, I am interested in the sensuous phenomena, for without them there would have been no modern spiritualism, which means a knowledge that death is not the end. I do not by beginning thus include myself among the distinguished in our cause, only a veteran and a lover of the truth. I belong to that class who prize sensuous proof above abstractions and think with Mr. Ayers of the spiritual temple, that if the phenomena for any cause should cease there would be no modern spiritualism in a decade, or two, it would be only a memory and a faith, not a knowledge.

I will write a few lines on the phase of materialization, the last phase that has put in its appearance and one that has not been received with favor by quite a number of spiritualists, and it may be considered a disturber of the peace of the order, which has never been a very peaceful

one, but we can console ourselves with the adage, that where there are brains there is heresy.

Let me say it was some time and with considerable experience before I could feel that these human looking materializations were what they claimed to be, spirit manifestations. I was fascinated, but more to find out the fact and rather annoyed not to be able to discover the trick, feeling all the time, as many do now, that it was a trick. We all know it is sometimes, or often a trick, but I think I can satisfy the reader that it is not always so and, I am sure also, not so often as it is claimed to be, and I am sure also that many of the exposures only exposed the ignorance and prejudice and often deliberate fraud of the expositors.

I have been allowed to make my own conditions and had every opportunity of satisfying myself of their genuineness. I have had the location suddenly changed, a curtain used in the corner of the room instead

of the prepared cabinet. I have sat during a seance in a back room, and in the hall during a seance, and my confederate sitting at the same time in the seance room. I have sat in the cabinet with the medium alone and have known forms to go out apparitions and be interviewed in the circle that were not forms in the cabinet, and when I positively know they were not the medium, or confederates. I have had these experiences with several mediums, notably with four in this city, who have severally been raided and claimed to be exposed as frauds; being present in some instances and know there was no exposure, and am satisfied they were not exposed when it was said they were, when I was not present on what I had known of them, and careful investigation of the facts afterwards.

Now I will relate an experience. I will take one with Mrs. Ross when she had been exposed and persecuted, for I consider her one of the best mediums I have ever known. John Curtis, distinguished as a raider, says I am not a judge of phenomena, and who has made many statements on the subject and on me that will not hold water, but when such a man as my friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent believed in my perspicuity, and such a man as M. S. Ayer of the Temple believes in me and not in Curtis, what care I for him except to hit him with my pen when opportunity offers. Soon after this malicious raid on Mrs. Ross I said to her she had better give a test seance to

a few well known people, thinking it would be for her good, and the Rev. M. J. Savage and others had satisfied themselves that there was no foundation for the report of movable mop boards. She very gladly gave the seance, said I could have it all my own way. There were eight respectable people present at this test seance, some well known. We expected Mr. Savage to be one but an engagement prevented his attendance. In describing this seance I propose to be very exact and wish the reader to consider it a statement under oath.

The curtain which made an angular enclosure in the rear, or southeast corner of the room where her seances had usually been given, I removed it nearer the front of the room, using the recess between the mantel and the front window. It was rather a shallow one but all the better for our purpose. This recess was about eighteen inches deep, it was five or six feet to the window. This curtain extended three and a half feet, beginning on the edge of the recess and running to a point, ending about two feet from the window, making a triangular enclosure three and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet deep. A chair could just set in there at its broadest part and when the medium sat in it, her knees made it bulge a little from the perpendicular. One could see there was no occupant of the enclosure but the medium and no room for any other and no way of getting into that enclosure except in the sight of

all. Three chairs against the wall, opposite the enclosure extending not quite to the parlor door opening into the hall, and five chairs extended in a line from the wall towards the enclosure, leaving an opening of about two feet between the last chair and the mantel. Now everything was confined to that space, which one can see was about one-third of the room. The hall door and other door were all in the larger part of the room and back of the circle and were all closed and were never opened while the seance lasted. The room was darkened as usual, but by no means dark. It was unusually light for a seance of this kind, and we could easily distinguish each other and everything in the room.

When the seance began the forms came out of the enclosure generally one at a time, male or female, went usually to their friends who seemed to recognize them. Occasionally two came at once and once three came out. They often came out passing through the opening between the end chair and the mantel and coming to their friends at their backs. That was the case with me which I will describe minutely. A male and female form came out arm in arm. I knew the male was my son. They passed through the opening and came behind me, one on my right

side and one on my left. They called me father and I am sure they were my son and daughter; one looked like my son and had his ways and motions. They both expressed natural terms of endearment. Of course I could not recognize my little Hattie, who left us a small child and who now came as an adult, but I could my son perfectly and he called his sister Hattie. I will mention one remark he made which will settle the matter as being he, even if it had been too dark to distinguish him. Laying his hand on my shoulder he said, "Father, you take good care of my clothes, don't you? they fit you well." I was then wearing his coat and vest and some other things that were his. He was just my size and figure and neither the medium nor any one else knew I was wearing clothes that had been my son's. If I have not good evidence of the return of a departed spirit in bodily form, than I have no evidence of anything.

The Rev. M. J. Savage closes a sermon lately with these truthful words: "The one thing the world wants to-day is knowledge that death is not the end, for this alone can tell us what we are and lift us to our birthright as sons and daughters of God." Well I am one who certainly has that knowledge.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT ON MEDIUMSHIP, CIRCLES, AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE IN "BETTER WAY."

THE evidence of spiritualism rests on the pure manifestations which are demanded at all times and by all individuals, especially whenever their thoughts are directed to the next life by the death of those we love. Mediumship is the only channel through which we can converse with these departed ones, and such conversation is not, necessarily, any more a waste of time than conversing around the hearth fire while they were on earth. If we believe that these departed ones hold for us the same affection, only intensified and purified by their angel lives, how glad they must be of the opportunity to converse with us. The measure of their eagerness is shown by their persistent efforts to converse through imperfect channels, when they must know in the beginning that their ideas appear distorted, or even falsely rendered. If we desire to hear from them they most assuredly desire to communicate with us, and the hour we spend in this sweet intercourse may brighten years of a lonely life.

2. To ignore the manifestations is to rob spiritualism of all its vital force. We accept it because it says to us that the fountain of inspiration has not run dry, but gushes forth as clear and bountiful as in the past. You need not be furnished through Moses and the prophets or pagan

sages; but you may go to the fountain and directly slake your thirst. If Moses and Elias could return two thousand years ago, our friends may return to-day and converse with us.

3. If such be the object and value of the manifestations, the more we have of them the better, until the two worlds are brought face to face, and death, disrobed of its terrors, be known as the passing forward of the spirit to a higher sphere. Of course, we mean genuine phenomena; and not the spurious, which have been deservedly censured and—because anxiety to hear from those who have gone from us made us ready to receive even counterfeit testimony—have been used to show that it were better to discard all.

4. As mediumship is the only channel of communication between the two worlds, it cannot be when rightly understood an undesirable possession. All its dangers arise from ignorance. It is a sensitive condition of the spirit, and the birth-right of every human being. It is possible for all, but exists in various degrees of intensity. Some only are sensitive in sleep, others when sick, or under the influence of drugs which deplete the physical forces. Others are constitutionally sensitive, and their brain responds to ideas as the

sensitive plate in the camera responds to light.

5. This faculty is susceptible of cultivation to an extent only bounded by the sensitiveness of a spirit freed from the physical body. How to effect this desirable cultivation should be the study of every medium. It in no wise demands the casting aside of reason, but, on the contrary, its greater activity, and the comprehension of every new impression calls for more and more ability.

6. In this culture I have alluded to two methods, the first by becoming simply a passive instrument in the hands of the spirits. This leads to a remarkable sensitiveness, but is the destruction of the individuality of the medium. The same sensitiveness is liable to impressions from widely different sources, and persons in this life exert their influence even stronger than spiritual beings. The medium is not safe from these influences which may be bad as well as good, and may at any time fall under the most destructive, and run with swift feet to ruin. It will be seen that under these circumstances the more acute the sensitiveness the greater the danger. In fact, a spotless moral character is almost impossible with such conditioned sensitiveness, even though the moral faculties are well developed, for at some ungarded moment it will be employed either by spirits or mortals and become the means of the gratification of selfishness or passions. Such mediumship is too much fraught with danger to be desirable, for although

a circle of earthly friends may surround and shield, they cannot be ever present, and although spirit friends may guard, there are times when the medium, by circumstances they cannot change, passes from their control. The second method of culture is to receive this sensitiveness as a most desirable factor of the mind, and cultivate in the same manner as other mental qualities; holding it subservient to its uses and amenable to reason and conscience. In this manner the tribunal which decides the conduct of life is ever present, and whatever influences are brought to bear the sensitive remains steadfast and unswerving.

7. The cultivation of mediumship should be the absorbing study of every medium. It is not a gift bestowed by miracle, but is governed by fixed laws, and subject to unchanging conditions. Its functions are fraught with infinite consequences, and are too sacred to be trifled with. Its possession should be prized above all price, and elevated so that the channels of communication be as pure as the source. Further, we affirm that a continued high degree of sensitiveness is incompatible with immorality. Mediumship itself is not dependent on moral character any more than the sense of vision or hearing, but the character of the communicating intelligences may be ordered as the will may determine what the eye shall see or the ear hear, and the mental results shall be if those organs see and hear that which might prove detrimental

to purity and uprightness of life. It is a law that like attracts like, and if mediums fall under harmful influences they are not justified in throwing the blame on the spirits. They are either weak, or there is a sympathetic chord in them which vibrates to the touch of spiritual beings still on the plane of the appetites and desires. They are victims of erroneous mediumistic culture or organization.

8. While this view does not justify immorality on the part of mediums, it palliates their shortcomings and teaches us charity. Wrong is wrong under all circumstances, and while we in our eagerness to hear from our spirit friends will accept of a single drop of water in a mass of slime, or drink from broken pitchers, overlooking the most untoward surroundings, we desire for the medium a pure spiritual atmosphere. It is asked how can sensitiveness be cultivated? In and by means of the circle usually: sometimes but rarely by sitting alone. The circle has produced nearly all noted mediums. The home circle is the nursery of spiritualism and has produced more converts than all other sources combined. Around the family table where sympathizing hearts meet, one desire for departed friends held in common by the sitters ascends, which of itself is a potent magnetism attracting those friends and the doorway through which they can enter. There is intense desire to receive on one side and to bestow on the other, and under such circumstances even

a low degree of sensitiveness will become exalted until responsive to spirit presence and spirit thoughts.

The home circle in the main fulfils the essential conditions of a selected one. As to the promiscuous circle it should be avoided as certain to yield unsatisfactory results. Each sitter is accompanied by related spirits, and there is confusion in the control if not in the circle.

At the home circle, where the family gathers, the missing ones take unseen their old familiar places, and how sweet to think they are still united with us in every feeling! Most emphatically do we urge the holding of such circles with absolute regularity and punctuality. The hours thus spent are not wasted, although no manifestations be received. They are like holy communions, which fill our souls with quiet and restfulness.

The true missionaries of spiritualism are its mediums. They are a countless host, for to every one publicly known there are at least a hundred unknown beyond the immediate circle of their friends. These are constantly giving tests and not a day passes but they add one or more to the ranks. We may regard it as we please, yet the power to convert is many times more powerful in the simple test medium than in the most eloquent speaker or polished writer, and the reason is plain. The people have had already argumentation: they now demand facts.

The humblest mediums are doing a vastly greater work than they

deem, often amidst want, persecution and self-sacrifice. Truly they shall receive their reward.

It is thus evident that to neglect or discourage the circle is to strike at the root of spiritualism. After the manifestations comes the philosophy and science of life, here and hereafter. The speculative mind may sit down and theorize, uncaring for facts, the manifestations, but the great majority are hungry for the phenomena, nor will they be satisfied as long as their friends in the spirit world desire to communicate or they feel that a channel is opened for them to hear from the dear departed. There is an incentive to visiting circles and mediums far more potent than being convinced of the truth of spiritualism; it is to receive proofs of the identity and enduring love of those we love, gone before. This desire can never be satisfied, and is a foregleam of the joys we shall experience when all gather in those starry temples not made by hands, immortal in the heavens.

The great meaning of modern spiritualism is that mediumship is the common heritage of mankind; a faculty capable of culture, and the means whereby we can learn the nature of the next life. The circle is the primary school of such culture, and should be sustained by all spiritualists. Talk about outgrowing

the circle, or any given phenomenon; we never can outgrow facts. The tiny rap is yet the most conclusive manifestation, and will long so remain. If spiritualists would meet in such home circles and develop their own spiritual perceptions, it would be better for them and for the cause than to occasionally visit professional mediums. The latter have their use, but an oracle of inspiration outside of the person's self is contrary to the genius of spiritualism, which advocates culture from within instead of from without.

As to the frauds perpetuated in the name of spiritualism, investigators are as much at fault as mediums, for they have been so insatiate and urgent in their demands for impossible manifestations that the impressive medium has yielded, and often the frauds with which he has been charged are but echoes from the circle. All the frauds and mistakes have grown out of ignorance of the laws of control, or demanding more than is possible to gain. They offer a premium on fraud, and it is only surprising that there are not more than there are. Because of the deception the genuine should not be discarded, but we should use the means placed in our hands to investigate the laws and conditions of a future life, and the system of moral philosophy which it reflects on this.

WHY IS IT?

BY ADELAIDE COMSTOCK.

WHY is it that so many in our ranks are averse to spiritualism being considered a religion? Some articles on the subject are enough to discourage a spiritual-minded person from affiliation with the name, were it not so self-evident that to be truly a spiritualist implies spiritualization—the cultivation of the divine or spiritual in our nature.

And as this is, or should be, the main factor in all faiths, (for better than the worship of a God is the developing of the god-like—our highest ideal—in our own nature) why is not spiritualism a religion?

The fact is, spiritualism, like St. Paul, is "all things to all men." To those who only seek in it proof of continued existence it is that and no more. To those who would study it as a science it gives ample scope and profundity for the most searching investigation; and to the true philosopher, the wisdom-seeker, it will prove itself the *science of science*, being all-inclusive; while to those who seek to make the most of that philosophy through spiritual aspiration to unfold the inner life according to the soul's highest conception of truth, it is a religion in the fullest acceptance of that term.

It is to be regretted that many who assume to be spiritualists have very little spirituality in their nature; to use a paradoxical expression, they

are *materialistic spiritualists* — not hypocrites, however, by any means. I wish it clearly understood that I do not make this charge against them. But the lack of spirituality in their nature makes their very spiritualism materialistic. To these the mere fact of continued existence is enough; even an animate, if only animalized state of being would satisfy. We grant them the right to abide in the basement story of the spiritual edifice if they so choose, but why attempt to bar the way to those who seek higher air and light? How often do we hear orthodox religionists say, "Why, you spiritualists make no claim to religious faith, you merely assert the fact of communication with spirits, you deny that there is any efficacy in prayer and ignore every form of religious worship."

What can a spiritualist say in reply, except, that holding to no special creed, neither having power to hinder any who through belief in the fact of spirit communication choose to call themselves by the name, no one spiritualist can fully represent the faith of another any more than he could his personalty.

As to prayer, which in the sense of our philosophy means not the bowing of the knee to an imaginary being seated on a throne in the midst of heaven, but aspiration for soul unfoldment and divine light; by

some we admit it is treated with levity, but to the spiritual-minded it is the ladder by which they climb heavenward, and as the bird that would soar ever looks upward, so it is that the soul that would rise must feel the desire to do so, and that desire, whether uttered or not, is a prayer. As the bud of leaf and flower unfolds in the sunlight so does the soul expand by turning to the source of spiritual life and light. And does not the love of truth beget a reverence worthy the name of religion, especially if it leads to the moulding the life of the individual in accordance to the spirit of truth? The sincere searcher for truth, pledged in his soul to follow its lead-

ings, even to the forsaking the popular faith if need be, ought to be commended rather than condemned. When Jesus bade his disciples to forsake all and follow him he spoke under the influence of what he termed the Spirit of Truth, and it was for the truth's sake he bade them forsake all—the kingdom of heaven within.

To me spiritualism *is a religion.* The religion of all religions, containing the truths of all the past and present and ready to embrace all that the future may reveal. Old as the ancient of days and good for all time, and before the sacred shrine of truth, I, as a Spiritualist, bow in reverence and adoration.

Ventura, Cal., July 8, 1891.

LINES

To Mrs. M. A., on the death of her boy.

BY A FRIEND.

"Is he not pretty?" Yes, fond mother,
He outvies the flowers of May,
Such bright features hath no other,
Would to God that he could stay!

Yes, fond mother, he is lovely,
Too bright, too pure for mortal sphere,
Thinkest thou the God above thee
Would leave cherubs grovling here?

Fairer still than summer roses
Was the form thou loved so well,
Tho' in dust that form reposes,
Still in memory he doth dwell.

He who gave thee this bright jewel
Only knew its matchless worth;
He but lends us these fair jewels
To attract our minds from earth.

Stricken mother cease thy weeping,
Angel hands do now caress
The child so lately thou had'st sleeping
Calmly on thy gentle breast.

May He who has plucked the rosebud,
Soothe and heal the parent stem.
And when dust no more encumbers
Take them to their spotless gem.

THE LAST OF THE MORTAL BLAVATSKY.

A tribute to Madame Blavatsky from a personal friend, Saladin, in
Agnostic Journal, London, England.

FROM stale, grey London we were whirled out among the green fields and through masses of fruit trees white as the vesture of Soractes hill, that day we followed to the furnace the mortal remains of Helen Petrovna Blavatsky. Away we were whirled through plains grazed by fat oxen that would have made a holocaust worthy to have celebrated the victory of Plataea, and through a gloomy plantation of resinous pine that would have made a funeral pyre for Patrocles. And, from among the bushes, the birds sang as merrily as they did erst in Eden, and the primroses prinked the green slopes as fragrantly and daintily as in the old romantic days when they bore up the dancing feet of Titania and Oberon beneath the light of the moon.

And on we sped with our dead through that blue-skied afternoon in the month of May. We bore no warrior to the pyre. We needed no oxen and resinous pine. We hasted to a mortuary furnace more intense than ever reddened the heavens round Ilium, or rendered Gehenna hideous with unctuous smoke and the odor of smouldering bones.

We were accompanying to the flames an oracle, a sphinx, or a sibyl, rather than anything that the world commonly produces in its ordinary

villages and towns. We accompanied the remains of what erst was the mad-cap girl of Ekaterinoslow, who, with nuptial withes, had, as a freak, tied her wild and impetuous young heart to that of tame and frosty age; and had since, in every realm of this planet of ours, thought and toiled and suffered, and had been misunderstood and calumniated. She felt her strength, and knew the weakness of the chattering imbeciles that, in the census return, make up the millions of a country's population. Mabel Collins tells the truth when she says that Madame Blavatsky had a contempt for mankind; but forgot to say, that it was an affectionate contempt. She was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it.

* * * *

One in a wagon load of uncraped mourners, I reached the crematorium. It is a red brick building, which, in appearance, seems a mongrel between a chapel, a tile-kiln, and a factory chimney. You enter by a mortuary chapel, passing through which you emerge through heavy folding doors of oak, and find yourself in an apart-

ment, in the middle of the floor of which, and end to you, there is a great iron object like the boiler of a locomotive, but supported by and embedded in masonry. The Theosophists crowd round this boiler-looking object with anxious but decorous curiosity, to gratify which one of the attendants turned, on the end of the object, an iron snib, which left a circular orifice about the size of a crown piece. Those present looked in succession at this opening; most, I noticed, gave one quick glance, and turned away with an involuntary shudder. When it came to my turn to peep in I wondered not that my predecessors had shuddered. If Virgil, or Milton or Dante had ever seen such an Inferno, they would never have written about the Inferno at all, relinquishing the theme as utterly ineffable. Inside that furnace was filled with towels of fire whisked by the arm of the very devil himself. I can look on a common furnace; but I shall never again peep through that iron eyelet into the viscera of hell.

As I was so contemplating, the hearse arrived and drew up on the gravel in front of the door of the mortuary chapel. Into the chapel the coffin was borne and laid upon an oaken tressel, and we all stood up and uncovered. The coffin was literally laden with and hidden in flowers, and a heavy perfume pervaded the air. Under those flowers lay the mortal remains of her who was dear to all of us, and had wielded a personal influence such as mere

mediocrity, however amiable, could never have exercised. The *glamour* with which she evoked towards herself human respect and affection was a greater "miracle" than any her traducers have drawn our attention to.

* * * *

Mr. G. R. S. Meade, a young gentleman of refined features and much *spirituelle* of expression, stepped forward to the head of the coffin of her to whom he had been private secretary and attached friend. There, in the most solemn hush, he read an impressive address impressively. As his silvery voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence, I was wafted away as in a vision to the glen where—among the heathery hills of my own loved land, to sterner and less literate heretics who were persecuted with fire and steel, even as the heretics among whom I now stood were persecuted with sneering and calumny.

But, while thus musing, the door from the crematorium into the chapel opened, and four employes, who did not look exactly like either stokers or butchers, but had some resemblance to each, entered, and in a business-like manner went two to each end of the tressel and, raising it by its four handles, moved off with it through the doorway. Four Theosophists who had known and loved Madame Blavatsky, and had, like myself, found the grandest and worst abused woman in the world identical, followed her remains through that wide door-way down to the furnace. The mass of flowers wafted us an-

other wealth of fragrance as they disappeared, and the great doorway was slammed and bolted with a decisive mastery suggestive of the fall of the portcullis in Hades.

Tressel, coffin, and flowers had gone. They were now behind that inexorable door, as also the mortal remains of the strongest, bravest and noblest woman that shall ever grasp this poor, trembling hand, all too mean and weak to write obsequies.

* * * *

Any discriminating person who came in contact with her could easily understand why she was so dearly loved, and no less easily conjecture why she was so bitterly hated. She wore her heart upon her sleeve. Unfortunately for anyone who hopes to "get on" in this world, she did not possess even a single rag of the cloak of hypocrisy. She rattled away rather than conversed upon persons and principles in merry sarcasm and happy cynicism, but, to those who could understand her, even without a suspicion of bitterness or malevolence, she had none of that restrained precision in utterance in regard to friends and contemporaries which ladies in society adopt. She meant no ill, and so it did not occur to her that she could speak any evil. She was, if you like, too simple and ingenuous and straightforward; she wanted in discretion; she was entirely lacking in hypocrisy; and thus she became an easy butt for the envenomed arrows of her traducers.

Now, through dark death and the crematorium fire, she has passed from

among us, ye slanderers. Apart from the nobility of her soul and the magnitude of her achievements, I cherish dearly the memory of one I loved, of a misunderstood one whom I understood, and one of the very few who understood me. The mystery to which we are passing may be all the richer for her presence; but this mediocre world of ours is all the poorer for her loss. Her demise falls heavily upon me who was of her brotherhood, but who does not share in the social consolation of her creed.

To her followers she is still alive. The Madame Blavatsky I knew "can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for but one brief incarnation." But I lay not firm enough hold on this doctrine for it to give consolation to me. The Madame Blavatsky I knew is *dead* to me. Of course, all that might be permanent or impermanent of her still whirls in the vortex of the universe; but she lives to me only as do others on the roll of the good and great, by the halo of her memory and the inspiration of her example. Her followers are gnostic on grave issues of teleology on which I am only agnostic. They have unbroken communion with their dead; but I am left to mourn. It is not for me to altogether overleap the barriers of sense, and, by the divine light of spiritual perception, behold help extended to me from that awful bourne from which no traveler returns. To me Madame Blavatsky is dead, and another shadow has fallen athwart my life, which has never had much sunshine to bless it.

THE UNVEILING OF "ISIS UNVEILED."

A LITERARY REVELATION.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Continued.

IN 1858 was published in New York a work called, "Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man," by S. F. Dunlap; and in 1861 Mr. Dunlap published in London two other works called respectively, "Sod: The Mysteries of Adoni," and "Sod: the Son of Man." These three works consist almost wholly of quotations from and summaries of the writings of other authors, strung together by connecting remarks of Mr. Dunlap. These three books proved a godsend to Mme. Blavatsky in her compilation of "Isis," as a large part of the contents of that work is copied bodily from Dunlap's works, mostly without proper credit. The plagiarisms from the "Spirit-History" will be considered first.

(1.) "Gama is the sun . . . 'the source of the souls and of all life.' (Weber: 'Ind. Stud.' i. 290). Agni, the 'Divine Fire,' the deity of the Hindu, is the sun (Wilson: 'Rig-Veda Sanhita,' ii. 143), for the fire and sun are the same. Ormazd is light. . . . In the Hindu philosophy 'The souls issue from the soul of the world, and return to it as sparks to the fire.' ('Duncker,' vol. ii. p. 162.) . . . 'The sun is the soul of all things; all has proceeded out of it,

and will return to it' ('Wultke,' ii. 262). . . 'And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it,' says Ezekiel (i. 4, 22, etc.), . . . and the likeness of a throne . . . and as the appearance of a man above upon it. . . and I saw as it were the appearance of fire and it had brightness round about it.' And Daniel speaks of the 'ancient of days' . . . whose throne was 'the fiery flame, his wheels burning fire. . . A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him' (Daniel vii, 9, 10). Like the Pagan Saturn, who had his castle of flame in the seventh heaven, the Jewish Jehovah had his 'castle of fire over the seventh heavens.' (Book of Enoch, xiv. 7, ff.) . . . 'His radiance is undecaying,' says the Rig-Veda, 'the intensely-shining, all-pervading, undecaying rays of Agni desist not.' " ('I. U.," i. 270.)

(1.) "Yama is the Sun, the source of the souls and of all life. (Weber, Ind. Stud. i. 290) . . . Agni 'the Divine Fire,' the Hindu deity, is the Sun (Wilson, Rig-Veda Sanhita, ii. 143), fire and sun being the same. . . . Ormuzd is Light. . . . In the Hindu philosophy, 'The souls issue from

the Soul of the World, and return to it as sparks to the fire' (Duncker, vol. 2, page 162). The sun is the soul of all things; all has proceeded out of it, and will return to it. (Wuttke, ii. 262). 'And I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it. . . . and . . . the likeness of a throne. . . as the appearance of a man above upon it. . . . And I saw as it were the appearance of fire and it had brightness round about it.' (Ezechiel i., 4, 22, 26, 27.) . . . 'The Ancient of Days. . . his throne the fiery flame, his wheels, burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him (Daniel, vii. 9, 10.) . . . Saturn dwells in the seventh heaven in a . . . castle. . . just as the Jews related that God had his throne in the seventh heaven in a castle of fire. (Book of Henoch, 14. v. 10 ff.) . . . His radiance is undecaying: . . . the intensely-shining, all-pervading, unceasing, undecaying (rays) of Agni desist not (Rig Veda).'"—"Dunlap, S.-H." pp. 65, 114, 115, 117, 115, 116, 63.)

A list of the additional items of matter plagiarized in "Isis" from this work of Dunlap will now be given.

In volume I of "Isis:" 55, Plato and Movers on divine will and idea, Dunlap, 187; 56, eight passages based on quotations from Cory, Movers, Mueller, Weber, Plutarch, 187, 186, 188, 189, 188, 190; 61, Movers on sunlight, 149; 93 and 250, Swabhavikas, 346, 347; 154, Philo on Chaldeans, 385; 346, Hardy on

release from birth, 365; 347, Gibbon on Pharisees, 368, 369; 554, Movers on Assyrian priests, and Sanchoniathon on El Elion, 314, 71; 578, two passages based on Movers, and one on Sanchoniathon, 267, 268.

In volume II of "Isis:" 46, Mithra as "Triple," 281; 48, passages from Chaldean Oracle, Sanchoniathon, and Movers, 281, 280, 281; 139, Bacchus and Ceres, and Julian, 195; 144, Virgil, 4th Eclogue, 253; 167, passages from Rig-Veda and Avenar, 130, 252; 227, two passages from Movers, 234; 302, lines of Ausonius, 181; 405, quotations from Lydus and Ovid, 150, 203; 467, three prophets, 247; 483 and 489, Plutarch on Typhon, 396, 380; 490, six passages based on statements of Godfrey Higgins, Martianus Capella, Movers, Plutarch, Ovid, Virgil, and Knorring, 251, 250, 295, 253, 252; 491, Albumazar on the Virgin, 252; 503, Tacitus and Suetonius on expected deliverer, 256; 504, quotations from Plutarch, Sibylline Oracles, and Euripides, 256, 254, 200; 505, passages from Nonnus, Deane, Creuzer, and Plutarch, 227, 226; 506, passages from "Hebrews," Nonnus, Deane, Ecclesiasticus, and Homeric Hymn, 254, 227, 226, 231, 246; 507, Plutarch on Typhon, 380; 512, two passages based on Movers, and one on Deane, 304, 226, 299; 513, quotations from the Pentateuch, Hardy, Cousin, Movers, Philo, 299, 367-8, 217, 268; 515, citation from Æschylus, 257; 517, Euripides on Heracles, 383; 555, quotation from Hardy, 366.

Total, 77 passages in "Isis" copied

without credit, from Dunlap's "Spirit-History of Man."

SOD: THE MYSTERIES OF ADONI.

(1.) "'Hercules was known as the king of the Musians,' says Schwab, ii., 44.... 'Now Koros signifies the pure and unmixed nature of intellect'.... says Plato (Cratylus, p. 79). Kurios is Mercury, the Divine Wisdom, and 'Mercury is the Sol.' ('Arnobius,' vi., xii.).... 'Hercules *Invictus*'.... descends to Hades (the subterranean garden) and plucking the 'golden apples' from the 'tree of life,' slays the dragon. (Preller: ii., 153).... 'After the distribution of pure fire in the Samothracian Mysteries, a new life began' (Anthon: 'Cabeiria').... 'Initiated in the most blessed of all Mysteries, being ourselves pure.... we become just and holy with wisdom' (Plato: 'Phædrus,' Cary's translation)" — ("I. U.," i. 130-132.)

(1.) "'Hercules was called King of the Musians.—Schwab ii. 44.... Now Koros.... signifies.... the pure and unmixed nature of intellect—Plato, Cratylus, p. 79.... Kurios (Merkury).... Mercury (the Divine Wisdom) is Sol.—Arnobius, vi., xii.... Hercules *Invictus*.... goes to the Garden under earth and plucks the golden apples from the 'Tree of Life' and kills the Dragon.... Preller, ii. 153.... After the distribution of pure fire, in the Samothracian Mysteries, a new life began!—Anthon, Cabeiria.... Initiated in the most blessed of all mysteries, being ourselves pure.... becoming just and holy with

wisdom—Plato, Cary." ("Sod: Adoni," pp. 95, 23, 94, 81, 39.)

In "Isis Unveiled," volume I. xxxvi, from Spiegel's *Yasna*, 183; 139, Plato on this life a prison, 21; 287, Plato on mysteries, and Josephus on the Greeks, 40, xv; 328, three quotations from Cory's (*sic*) Plato, 22, 60; 436, Josephus on Moses, 149; 555, Freund on Sodales, xii; 593, from "Kings" and "Chronicles," 177.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume II; 34, from Philo, 59; 44, from Anthon and "Kings," 70, 71, 73; 129, from O. Mueller, x., xi; 130, from Movers, 41; 131, 132, 134, 517, five passages from the "Codex Nazaræus," 36, 59, 30, 59; 131, from Lucian, 25; 134, two from Preller, and one from Richardson, 79, 46, 34; 138, from Herodotus, 125; 152, 195, 447, 452, 551, five passages from the Kabbala, 68, 167, 76, 77; 167, from Cicero, 36; 245, from Preller and Muller, 20, 21; 302, from "Universal History," 184; 447, from Lucian, 84; 451, from Cicero and Herodotus, 153; 458, from Cicero and Virgil, 140, 141; 470, from Jost, 166; 516, from Preller, 94; 517, Tob-Adonijah, and from Eusebius, 30, 40; 518, from "Æneid" and Aristophanes, 94, 20; 524, from Josephus and Anthon, 177; 524, 525, from Pausanias, 177; 525, four passages from "Judges," "Kings," and "Samuel," 177; 529, two from Vendidad, 60; 548, from Virgil, 107; 550, Jordan and Zachar, and from Mishna, 79, 74.

Total, 65 passages "borrowed."

uncredited, from "Sod: the Mysteries of Adoni."

SOD: THE SON OF THE MAN.

(1.) "Irenæus says . . . Propator is known but to the only begotten son, that is to the *mind*. . . The Valentinians held that there was a perfect Aion, who existed before. . . Buthon called Propator. . . 'Senior occultatus est et absconditus; Microprosopus manifestus est, et non manifestus (Rosenroth: the Sohar, Liber Mysteries, iv., i.) . . . The Highest One is an abstraction. . . 'without form or being,' 'with no likeness with anything else' (Franck: 'Die Kabbala,' p. 126). . . Philo calls the Creator the Logos. . . the second God who is his wisdom (Philo: 'Quæst. et Solut.'). God is nothing. . . called *Ain-soph*—the word *Ain* meaning nothing. (See Franck: 'Die Kabbala; p. 153 ff).'"—"I. U.," ii., 210.)

(1.) "The Propator is known only to the Only-begotten Son, that is to the MIND (Irenæus). . . According to the Valentinians, there was a perfect Aion who existed before, called Buthon and Propator. . . Senior occultatus est et absconditus; Microprosopus manifestus est, et non manifestus.—The Sohar, Liber Mysterii, iv. 1; Rosenroth . . . 'God was . . . without form (simple Abstract Existence) without likeness with anything else.'—Franck, Die Kabbala, 126. . . 'The Logos . . . the Second God, who is His wisdom.'—Philo, Quæst et Solut. . . God is named Ain (Nothing).—Franck, 135

ff ("Sod: the Son of the Man," pp. 32, 66, 67).

In "Isis Unveiled," volume I. xxviii, Hillel, and Franck in Kabbala, 131, 92; XLIII, quotation from Bulwer, 134; 160, from the Sohar, 79; 255, from Hermes, 50; 261, from Rawlingson, 6; 298, 299, 300, 301, 582, eight passages from the "Codex Nazareus," 50, 51, 52, 53, 57, 51.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume II. 131, 154, 154, 174, 175, 181, 185, 187, 193, 203, 204, 224, 228, 229, 230, 234, 244, 245, 247, 249, twenty-seven passages from the "Codex Nazareus," vi. 58, 32, 33, 49, 50-52, 33, 58, 52, 102, 109, 15, 34, 58, 48, 55, 56, 49, 105, 101, 56, 50-52, 104, 59, 57, 148, 102, 57, 58, 59; 33, 42, 212, 222, 223, 224, 226, 227, 244, 245, 246, 247, 342, 400, 469, thirty-one passages from the Kabbala, 2, xix, 98, 40, 74, 75, 78, 79, 80, 17, 119, 68, 104, 72, 75, 149, 137, 119, 118, 70, 137, 131, 136, 75, 104, 119, 136, 72; 33, Philo on Messiah, 2; 42, two from Milman, one from Justin Martyr, and one from Olshausen, 67, 68, 52, 42; 127, from Theodoret, v; 128, from Lightfoot and Jeremiah, x, xxiv; 132, from "Hosea," viii; 133, from Josephus, xiii; 137, from Tischendorf, xxi; 139, from Josephus, and two from Munk, xv, xxiv (viii); 144, 145, two from Munk, xv; 144, Luke and Therapeutæ, x, xi; 146, from Cyril, 99; 147, from Josephus, xii; 151, 203, 328, three passages from "The Israelite Indeed," x, 4, 21; 151, 181, 190, 196, six passages from Epiphanius, xiii, xiv, 33, xvi; 176, from Irenæus and Theodoret, 74,

26; 181, from Theodoret, v; 182, two from Jerome, 44, 45; 193, 194, two from Theodoret and one from Irenæus, 21, 18; 195, from Hermes and Justin Martyr, 97, 25, 26; 198, from "Luke," 23; 199, from Hermes, 31; 204, 205, two from Origen, 34, 39; 204, from Milman, 62; 205, from Kleuker, 28, 29; 212, from Pimander, 40; 216, from Justin and Philo, 27, 77; 223, from Kleuker and Irenæus, 73, 74; 237, five from Nork, Duncaker, Revelation, Avesta, and Bundahesh, 135, 133; 238, from Hermes, 96; 239, from Plato, 96; 294, on Ferho, 139; 298, from Hermes and three on "Jezira," 57, 75, xx, xxi; 328, from Josephus, 41; 350, Franck on Mercaba, 89, 90; 357, from Rabbi Jehoshua and Franck, 90; 417, from Julian, 27; 448, from Talmud, 149; 470, from "Die Kabbala," 91; 547, from Gautama, 78.

In all, 134 passages were appropriated, without credit, from "Sod: the Son of the Man." The total number utilized in this manner in "Isis" from the three works of Dunlap, is 276; and doubtless there are others that I have not included above,—there being probably 300 in all, besides the scattering quotations from these three books, in "Isis," for which the proper credit is given.

JACOLLIOT'S OCCULT SCIENCE IN INDIA.

One of Mme. Blavatsky's principal authorities in "Isis" is Louis Jacolliot. About a dozen works of this exceedingly inaccurate and inveterate writer are quoted from in "Isis," and, in addition to the matter thus

quoted, "Isis" contains considerable matter, copied from Jacolliot, without being credited to the books whence derived. One of this author's books thus utilized was "Le Spiritisme dans le Monde," an English translation of which was published in New York, in 1884, under the title of "Occult Science in India." Mme. Blavatsky made use of the original French version of this work. In my reference to its parallel passages with "Isis," the English version has been used, the numbers of the pages given by me being those of the English translation.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume one, XLII, XLIII, extracts from the Book of Brahmanical Evocations, Jacolliot, 55, 57.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume two, 27, from Moses of Chorene, 194; 37, from Fauste, 191; 38, from Franck, 192; 39, from Manu, and about Swayambhouva and trinities, 14, 180; 40, from Franck, the Sepher Jezirah, and Agrouchada-Parikshai, 180, 158, 175; 70, from St. Augustine, 149; 99, from Franck, 159, 160; 106, 107, from the Atharva-Veda, 23, 24; 119, from the Talmud, and from Franck, 16, 17; 227, list of various triads, 130; 587, from book of Evocation, 99.

Total, 19 passages appropriated from this book.

JACOLLIOT'S BIBLE IN INDIA.

The references are to the English translation, published in New York.

In "Isis," volume one.—xxxvi, on Zoroaster (Surya-ishtara), 30; 586, Manu and Vrida-Manava, 65; 628, saying of Narada, 282. In

"Isis," vol. two.—556, nine passages from the Vedas, Vedanta, etc., 224-226. Total, 12 passages.

JACCOLLIOT'S CHRISTNA ET LE
CHRIST.

The references are to the original French work, there being no English translation. There are, in "Isis," a large number of alleged translations of quotations from the Code of Manu. These translations are in nearly every instance copied from Jaccolliot's writings, mostly from his "Christna et le Christ." The following is a list of such, taken from this work. The first number is the page or pages of "Isis" on which found; the second, the page or pages of "Christna" from which copied. "I. U.," vol. I.—xvi: 32; xvii, (2 quotations): 261, 262, 263; xix: 259; 271, 272: 32, 258; 620, 621: 221, 134. "I. U.," vol. II.—50: 284; 111: 366; 116 (3 quotations): 364, 367: 159: 368; 163: 371; 260: 134. Total, 17 passages from Manu.

The following are also self-appropriated from Jaccolliot's "Christna": "Isis," vol. I, 586, Sir Wm. Jones and Callouca, 351; "Isis," vol. II—183, St. Gregory to Jerome, 22; 251, from Vina Snati, 207; 241, story from Hari-Purana, 300, 301; 107, from Bagavat, 139, 304; 260, 271, from Bhagavatta, 137. Total, 23 passages from this book of Jaccolliot's.

SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.

An anonymous work, called "Supernatural Religion," in two volumes, was published in London in 1875. The subjoined is a list of the pas-

sages in "Isis" borrowed, uncredited, from this book:

In "Isis Unveiled," volume one. 135, Josephus on Solomon, i. 119; 326, two quotations from Clement, i. 122; 402, 403, two citations from Mill, and one from Hume, i. 82, 81, 85.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume two. 148, five quotations from Justin, Fabricius, Origen, Augustine, and Clementine Recognitions, i. 324, 325; 155, from Clement and Eusebius ii. 44, 45, 41, 42; 159, on Marcion, and from Credner and Schleiermacher, ii. 79, 80; 160, two from Tertullian, and one from Epiphanius, ii. 80, 105; 161, from Justin, ii. 94; 168, Tertullian on Marcion, ii. 107; 182, Credner and Ebionites on Gospel of the Hebrews, i. 423; 191, from Clementine Homilies, ii. 12; 195, two from Clement. Homilies, ii. 351, 342; 197, from Irenæus, ii. 406; 212, from Xenophanes, i. 76; 231, from Irenæus, ii. 474, 475; 243, from Irenæus and Tertullian, i. 256; 244, two from Hermas, ii. 257, 256; 245, Commentator on Hermas, ii. 256, 257; 246, 247, from Justin, ii. 292, 293; 247, from Philo and Eusebius, ii. 276; 305, from Irenæus, ii. 331; 327, from Irenæus and Eusebius, i. 447; 350, from Josephus, i. 119.

Total, 40 passages uncredited to "Supernatural Religion."

KING'S Gnostics.

I give a list of passages taken, without credit, from "The Gnostics and their Remains," by C. W. King, 1st edition, New York, 1864.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume one.

xxx, Great mother at Ephesus, 23; 90, from Ammianus Marcellinus, 172.

In "Isis Unveiled," volume two. 95, "Nun" is Egyptian, 72; 97, Justin Martyr on Apollonius, 242; 123, Clement on Basilides, 48; 132, from de Spire, 53; 139, Josephus and Pliny on Essenes, 22; 147, Ophite Gnostics, 26; 155, from Matter, 3; 156, from Basilides, 34; 157, from Irenæus, 34, 35; 165, from Theodoret, 84; 172, from Irenæus, and description of Sophia, Ennoia, etc., 26, 27; 189, Tertullian on Basilides, 78; 206, passages on Michael and Samuel (Samael?), from Paul and from Kabala, 29, 4, 13; 208, on Manes, 16; 212, Gnostic maxim, 36; 221, on Zeruane-Akarene, Ormazd, Mithras, etc., 7, 8; 221, from Matter, 2; 236, on religion of Zoroaster, the Bull, Daniel, etc., 9; 238, from Nork (*sic*) 9; 249, 375, Epiphanius, on exiling seventy woman, 182; 254, St. Dionysus and angel, 135; 256, on fish, Kabala, Dag, etc., 138; 256, Clemens on gem of ring, 136; 294, on Manes and Parchus, 16, 18; 295, from Galen, 74; 301, Theodoret and Diodorus, 84; 306, Ammian, 172; 336, Emperor Adrian, 68; 351, Mithraic Mysteries, 51-53. Total, 42 passages from the King's "Gnostics."

MACKENZIE'S ROYAL MASONIC CYCLOPÆDIA.

Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie's "Royal Masonic Cyclopædia," published in 1877, has also been utilized in the compilation of "Isis," particularly in the copying of quotations from the Kabala. The following is a list of the extracts from the Kabala in "Isis" taken, uncredited, from Mackenzie's work: "I. U.," i. 302, from Sohar, 406; "I. U.," ii. 152, from Sohar and on Gilgul, 415, 213, on Sephiroth, 406; 214, from Idra Suta, 406; 220, two from Sohar and one from B. Rabba, 408, 409; 222, from Sohar, 409; 231, from Sohar, 413; 271, three from Kabala and Sohar, 406, 408, 409; 272, two from Jezirah, and one from Sohar, 370, 410; 277, two from Sohar, 411, 412; 280, two from Sohar, 412, 413; 281, from Sohar, 413; 421, two from Sohar, 408. Total, from the Kabala, 23 passages.

The following additional passages in "Isis" are copied, without credit, from Mackenzie's book, all in the second volume of "Isis:" 152, from Josephus, 415; 221, "I am," etc., and Ahuramazda, 781; 280, from Josephus and Philo, 412; 303, from Lanci, 257; 224, from Lepsius, 206, 348, on the Sohar and from Ginsburg, 401, 402; 400, from Capellus, 358; 401, from Cahen, 358; 547, from Plutarch, etc., 257. Total, 35 passages in all from this work.

(To be Continued.)

UTOPIA, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

AMANA.

THE Amana community is probably the most flourishing commune, as to numbers and wealth. It is located in Iowa.

The controlling feature is religious inspiration. As early as 1719 congregations became separated in Germany from the prevailing religion, mostly by their claim to have among their numbers inspired instruments, who they claimed received inspiration direct from God. Sometimes the inspiration fell upon a man and sometimes on a woman, but they never surrendered their common sense. They held their instruments well in hand, and criticised and disciplined as occasion required. They resembled the English Quaker, and were persecuted for refusing to take oaths and for other nonconformity. This inspiration continued with varying intensity, sometimes nearly dying out, until in 1842, half a century ago, they left Germany,—their leading motives to have religious freedom. 350 persons came out the first year and 200 two years later. They settled near Buffalo where they bought 4000 acres of land of the Senaca Indian reservation, and afterwards 3000 more. This was covered with the primeval forest, and of course they could not produce much, only as by great labor this was cleared and brought into cultivation.

Here they prospered, made gardens and built factories and churches, but about 1854 removed to Iowa to get cheap land. They did not live in community in Germany, but were commanded to put their means together in order to build factories, as some of their people had been accustomed to that kind of labor and preferred it to agriculture.

Barbara Heynemann became their inspired instrument in Germany and was in 1874. In 1854 they were commanded by inspiration to remove to Iowa. Their land near Buffalo had increased in value, partly by the improvements made, and partly by its near proximity to a growing city, so they sold at a good price.

Amana is divided into seven villages; there are 1500 members and they own 25,000 acres of good land. They have several kinds of manufactories. They are very prosperous. "To prevent silly conversation" they divide the men from the women at the table.

Like the Quakers they dislike steeples. Their houses are substantially built of stone, brick or wood, but they do not paint them, believing that it does not add to their durability. Their tables are of wood, clean, but without cloth.

The men are not allowed to marry until they are twenty-four years old. This rule is for prudential purposes.

They permit marriages, but do not encourage them. They say that encourages worldliness, and does not promote spirituality. And spiritual culture is the proper end of life with them. In the Amana church there are three grades, the highest consisting of those who have manifested the highest spirituality or piety. When a couple from this grade marry they are put down to the first grade, but can work their way up again. The elders are named by inspiration. Five of these elders meet in every village, each morning, to consult on business matters. The foremen report to them. The women do not join in these meetings.

They are annoyed by numerous applications to join them, but none are admitted except those who, on a rigid examination, appear prepared to enter into their religious as well as industrial life. Most of their recruits are from Germany; all newcomers are received on a probation of two years.

Members do not work hard. A foreman said that three hired hands would do as much as five members.

They keep a supply store; each member is allowed a fixed sum for clothing, which varies according to the position of the member, and a strict account is kept.

They practice homeopathy, but when a member was asked if they believed in the faith cure, rather evasively answered: "I believe it is possible, but if God has determined that a man must die, ten doctors can not save him."

They are non-combatants, but during war they pay for substitutes. They keep most of their young people; some times young men go out into the world and after a few years of harder labor return.

They have now continued as a community a half a century and attained to a high degree of prosperity, giving some evidence of continuity. They prize substantial living, but care little for the amusements or elegancies that others seek.

THE KAWEAH COLONY.

My subject is not complete without giving some account of the Kaweah colony or commune.

The scene of their efforts was located in the foothills of the Sierras, east of Fresno. Here they spent some years in efforts to achieve a Utopia under difficulties. The land was clothed with a heavy growth of timber. Most of the trees were a variety of redwood known as *Sequoia Gigantea* and sugar pine, which makes very valuable building lumber. Here they intended to preempt a large tract of government land and acquire title under the homestead law, or by purchase at the minimum price. They took no steps to signify their intention, and so had no legal standing. As the trees grew in inaccessible places, the first thing to be done was to build a good wagon road on which they could convey supplies in, and their lumber out to the settlements on the San Joaquin plains, where it would find a ready market. They spent a great deal of labor in

building this road, but in the meantime, under the advice of agents, the government authorities had other plans, and Congress passed an act reserving these lands for a park so that these trees might remain for future generations to admire, for once destroyed it would require centuries for one to grow again. This completely wrecked their scheme, leaving them nothing but a claim against the government for the labor expended in building their road, which might or which might not be utilized by the government.

This plan has never been made successful, although a moribund colony is working under it at Topolobampo on the coast of Mexico. Their plan was to allow a fixed rate of wages to men and women without regard to their efficiency, on the ground that it cost one as much to live as another. Each one was given, once a week, time checks to signify how many hours he or she had worked. Their time checks were

their current money, and were good to purchase anything the company produced. But as in this case the company had produced nothing but split shakes and shingles, they had but a small range to choose from. Any one could become a member of the commune and entitled to all its privileges by paying \$500, which could be paid in installments. With this money they were enabled to purchase provisions and pay expenses while they were establishing themselves on a paying basis. While we cannot help but form an opinion as to their ultimate success, it is hardly fair to judge of what they would have done had not Congress interfered with their plans, illustrating what Burns says:

The best laid schemes of miss and men,
Gang aft agley,
Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee;
But 'ark ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I cannot see,
I guess and fear.



POST-MORTEM APPARITIONS.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES IN "WASHINGTON STAR."

"DO I believe in ghosts?" said Dr. Elliott Coues, the eminent expert in psychical science, to a writer for "The Star." "No, I do not believe in ghosts in the popular sense of the term, for the reason that the popular sense has the least foundation in fact, and is as far as possible from any scientific conception of what is properly designated as a post-mortem apparition. Besides, like Coleridge, I have seen too many ghosts of the popular type to take any stock in them whatever.

"I have reason to know from my own experience and observation that certain post-mortem apparitions of persons whose bodies have died do occasionally make themselves perceptible to our senses, apparently by an act of conscious volition on their part, and for certain definite purposes of their own. Ecclesiastical history is full of instances of appearances by the dead to the living. Ordinary history includes numberless allegations of such occurrences. The entire body of modern spiritualism turns upon the pivotal fact of the continual communication of the souls of the dead with the living, whether visually, audibly, tangibly or otherwise.

"I do believe in ghosts from the purely scientific point of view. We are not, in fact, single and simple personalities. There is in each

of us an inner individuality of which we are seldom, if ever, intellectually aware. I find, as a matter of fact, that this inner individuality, which, for convenience, I will call the 'soul,' is very little, if at all, affected by the physical condition of its environment on the material plane of existence. For example, it does not appear to be subject to the law of gravitation, which we know to be universal in the physical world. It is not capable of being mechanically affected to its injury or benefit. It does not depend for its being upon the organization of the body which it inhabits. Unlike our normal consciousness, it is not a product or result of the organization of the body. It exists in its own nature, independent of those chemical combinations which form our bodily structure. Nothing forbids the assumption that the soul may have antedated the body which it now inhabits, and there is no *a priori* reason why it may not survive the dissolution of the latter. Should it so continue to exist for even an hour after death, retaining consciousness, volition, and memory, nothing forbids the assumption that it might manifest itself to us. Whether it ever does so or not becomes simply a question of evidence.

"Such evidence is abundant, conclusive, and of a kind which, by the ordinary laws of human testimony,

should suffice to establish the fact in any court of law. A very large number of alleged post-mortem apparitions have lately been subjected to every possible test and scrutiny, with cross-examination of witnesses, and psychical researchers have, in my judgment, authoritatively and finally decided some of these cases to be genuine.

"Now as to the nature of the ghost of fact as opposed to the ghost of fancy. Aside from any question of mere subjective hallucinations, which constitute the vast majority of popular ghosts, I understand the genuine post-mortem apparition to be the spiritual body of a deceased person, sustaining and conveying his consciousness in the same manner that the physical body sustains and exhibits our mental qualities. For, just as with the physical eye we only see one another's physical bodies, so is the spiritual body only to be discerned by the spiritual sense of a living person. Inasmuch as this spiritual sense is rarely operative in a living person, actual apparitions are rare. Hence, also, the nearly universal denial of their occurrence. For, as I have said, it is but seldom during our life in the body that the senses of the soul come into conscious operation.

"A premonition of an apparition which is presently to be perceived is usually given by a sensation technically called the 'ghost chill.' This is a symptom of a change in the magnetic state of the body, during which change the threshold of con-

sciousness is shifted to the extent of rendering possible a conscious perception of something ordinarily invisible. The change is almost always very brief, usually lasting but a few seconds, during which the manifestation occurs. With the return of the individual to ordinary consciousness the apparition necessarily disappears, usually leaving the percipient in grave doubt as to whether or not he has been the subject of an hallucination. This doubt, however, may be done away with by subsequently ascertaining through ordinary channels of information that an occurrence—say, the death of the person whose spiritual body has thus appeared—took place at a corresponding time, and under circumstances of which the percipient was made aware during the transitory apparition. No other explanation of such an occurrence appears to me to be equally simple and reasonable, and I am therefore bound to accept it until a better one can be devised.

"As I conceive it, the spiritual body, soul, or ghost—by whichever name you choose to call it—has no material existence whatever in the ordinary sense of the word. That statement raises the whole question of the constitution of matter as distinct from mind. For my own part I think that no absolute distinction is possible. The experiments of such men as Clerk Maxwell, William Crooks, and Professor Tyndall have demonstrated the existence of states of matter designated as 'radiant,' in which none of the ordinary proper-

ties of matter appear. A bar of iron, you know, seems to us perfectly solid and homogeneous, and yet there is reason to believe that the particles which compose it are as far apart from one another in proportion to their size as are the planets and other heavenly bodies in proportion to their respective magnitude. Our bodily senses take cognizance of no forms of matter except those which are in a certain degree of condensation. But we reasonably infer the existence of more rarefied and tenuous states of matter. Of some such tenuous state the spiritual body may reasonably be inferred to consist. Then its apparition to us would become a question not of the existence of such bodies, but of the acuteness of our own perceptive faculties. These faculties, in their normal exercise, are too coarse and blunt; but, under the exaltation of their function which accompanies that shifting of the threshold of consciousness of which I have spoken, they do become adequate to the perception of such tenuous states of matter, so that apparitions, otherwise called ghosts, are seen.

"This makes ghosts theoretically possible, and experience shows that they are in fact sometimes seen. In truth, apparitions of the sort have been within my personal experience on more than one occasion. Since childhood I have found myself possessed of an organism in which the threshold of consciousness is capable of that shifting which I have described. On several occasions when

the occurrence has taken place, I have been aware of the presence of the spiritual bodies of deceased persons, which gave to me information not otherwise attainable, and conveyed to my mind a conviction of their identity. But I do not indulge the hope of being able to admit anyone else into my consciousness to such a degree that the evidence mentioned would satisfy their own minds. The evidential value of these experiences is wholly personal, and seldom if ever transferable, because, unlike experiments in physical science, psychical occurrences can not be reproduced at will, and are therefore not subject to the ordinary processes of verification.

"The conditions which govern the existence of the ghost or spiritual body are only open to speculative discussion. As I have said, one of these conditions appears to be that the spiritual body is not subject to the law of gravitation. It is unquestionably capable of changing its location by its own volition, though probably not exactly in accordance with our ideas with transfer through space. Likewise to such a being the notion of time is doubtless quite different from our own. This gives it a duration of existence which might be compared with our notion of endless existence, and so represent eternity. It might very well be that the spiritual body is by no means confined to this planet upon which we live. As I take it, the spiritual body is the soul of ordinary language. The soul consists of body as dense

for the conditions of its environment as our physical bodies are for the conditions surrounding them. Whether the spiritual body ever reacquires a material body of flesh is altogether a speculation. Evidence is insufficient to warrant an affirma-

tive conclusion. A belief in the Reincarnation of the soul, however, has probably been held by more than one half of the human race during the whole period of which we have historical knowledge."

TO MY DEAD BIRD.

BY JULIA P. CHURCHILL.

Dear little dainty, yellow thing,
Lying so limp and cold and still,
With never a quiver, or flutter of wing,
Giving hope that your song again shall trill;
Yet, birdie, I tried by my human will
To hold your soul in its house of clay,
To heal you and keep you and love you still,
But your God-given spirit hath flown away.

As you lay in my hand, dear, gasping for breath,
I asked the Father and giver of life,
Whence, whither and how, through the gates of death,
Would your soul renew its upward strife?
No voice replied, but I felt a thrill
Of infinite hope and assurance sweet,
That through love's law of Omnipotent Will
Thy spirit would grow to the life complete.

I have loved you, dear, so tenderly,
And your love for me hath been so true,
That I know I shall find you again some day,
Winging your flight through the infinite blue;
And deep in my soul rings a note of joy,
Born of the thought that our love so sweet,
Is the one bright jewel without alloy,
Which shall speed thy soul to God's mercy seat.

Glancing in grief at thy empty cage,
My heart is filled with a sense of wrong,
For never will hist'ry's mortal page
Recal one note of thy joyous song;
Thou art only a bird; but to me as dear,
As precious and fair as earth's rarest gem;
And I ween, that to God thou art as near
As though crowned with an angel's diadem.

A WORD FOR MR. COLEMAN

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

OUR attention has been called to "The Unveiling of 'Isis Unveiled,'" running through several numbers of your magazine, by Wm. Emmette Coleman. We hope the writer will not deem us discourteous if we venture to call his attention to a few facts.

He brings two heavy charges against the author of "Isis Unveiled;" plagiarism and fraud. As to the first, Madame Blavatsky has *always* and *continually* affirmed that she was *not* doing this stupendous work alone and of herself. She asserts that in writing "Isis Unveiled," a part is her own, a part was written by others, and as she explicitly states, on entering her study in the morning, she often found many pages of MS. on her desk which had been written, or "precipitated," to use her own word, and placed there for her use by the mysterious and invisible "Brothers." As to her frequent quotations from other authors she has been so anxious to give them credit that at the bottom of more than four-fifths of the pages from one to half a dozen references are given to books and writers named. Why has Mr. Coleman been silent concerning these facts? He may have found a few instances, or even many, where in the hurry and constant interruptions, quotation marks and references were unintentionally omitted. Nor is this strange

when we consider that at that time Madame Blavatsky had but an imperfect acquaintance with the English language and was assisted by many different persons in the character of secretaries and amanuenses.

She herself was fully conscious of its defects. Hear her own words to a gentleman who asked her to point out the best Theosophical works for him to read, and declared his intention of purchasing "Isis Unveiled," she said, "Leave it alone; *Isis* will not satisfy you. Of all the books I have put my name to, this particular one is, in literary arrangement, the worst and most confused. * * *

Isis was full of misprints and misquotations; it contained useless repetitions, most irritating digressions, and to the casual reader, unfamiliar with the various aspects of metaphysical ideas and symbols, as many apparent contradictions; that much of the matter in it ought not to be there at all and also that it has some very gross mistakes due to the many alterations in proof-reading in general, and word corrections in particular."

These are her own words found in "Lucifer" of May, 1891.

It surely seems that critics are wasting time in harping upon the faults of a work of which the author speaks in this way. Why does not Mr. Coleman turn his attention to

"Secret Doctrine," or the "Voice of the Silence."

First, how does Mr. Coleman know better than she does herself, what books she read or with whom conversed? Surely her own word in that matter is as good as his. That he may have found the same statements in other books than those in which she found them does not render her assertion an "untruth." Happily there is a vast amount of knowledge in this world and it may be drank from many springs.

After all how small, how petty, how ungenerous to wrangle over *where* she obtained the knowledge which she has given to the world; especially when she reiterates, over and over again, that she does not claim it as hers, but that she is simply used as the mouth-piece of higher and wiser ones. Supposing these "Brothers" or "Masters" gave her truths to write which had before been imparted to others; does that make either them or her frauds? Madam Blavatsky has never claimed that she was promulgating a new doctrine, philosophy or religion. On the contrary she affirms that it is as old as humanity; that this knowledge has always been in the possession of the few; that now the time has come when the world has become sufficiently developed mentally and spiritually to comprehend some of its teachings. She, guided and directed always by the Masters, has endeavored to put it before the world.

She gives to students of Theos-

ophy "The Voice of the Silence," claiming that it is taken from the "Book of Golden Precepts," a very ancient work. What fault is to be found with its teachings? Are they not the very essence of purity? Of course there is much which can not be apprehended by the intellectual alone. Spiritual illumination is necessary, it is claimed. But should the Spiritualists find fault with that, they of all others?

"The Secret Doctrine" gives an account of the beginning of what we call creation, of the monad man, his evolution, what he has been and what he may become. What is there so dreadful in this? Let those to whose reason it appeals accept it. If others can not, no one, least of all the author herself, would force it upon any one. What part does fraud play in this?

The Madam has been branded as a "schemer." For what was she scheming? Was it for money? She spent her entire fortune in the course she espoused, knowing she would meet with no pecuniary returns. Did she scheme for fame, honor, position as known to this world? She despised them all and showed it in every word and act. Did she covet literary fame? Then why did she disclaim the merit of her wonderful production?

She claimed as her creed the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and according to the testimony of those who knew her most intimately squared her life by that rule.

THE SUN ANGEL ORDER OF LIGHT.

Given by Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order.

CHILDREN in earthland, bound to the messengers and guides by ties that have their birth in the heart of Deity, Saidie greets each one again with a love that knows no bound. She comes on the day when mankind assemble for worship in their temples. E'en as she indites the words her children look forward with expectation; the sound of voices reaches her ear; waited thither by the breath of the zephyrs that waft to each soul sweet inspiring thoughts from the angel world. Children, when we come into your atmosphere unseen, we come with the sweet influences of our home pervading us. Around our spirit forms shines the light of the world from whence we wend our way.

We stand by the side of those through whom we would speak to mankind. We lay spirit hands upon brows where we would inspire the brain; we throw o'er the being the magnetism of our presence, and thus free the brain of its own thoughts that we may fill it with our own. Music ever comes to our inmost soul, and as our instrument listens to the melodies that float to the ear, we listen and hear. We hear the songs that are sung in worship and praise, listen to the chanted prayer of men and priest, the hymns of choir and congregation; all thought expressed

therein clusters around man's sin and its atonement. Then we look back o'er the history of the race and remember the war and strife religious differences have engendered; and, children, in all ages is shown only the working of the law of cause and effect. Religions are the effect of cause, and are, as is all else, overshadowed by the law of progress, that will continually assert its sway o'er the opinions of men, until one after another the old land-marks are obliterated by the hand of Omniscient Love, and shining ones are left upon the sands of time, not to be washed away, but to be painted with more shining tints of reality, until mystical thought and blind faith have given place to grand realities, which are the abiding rocks on which mankind may rest securely here and through uncounted eternities.

Angels love the harmonies of the sphere; they dwell where is harmony with the All Good in happiness and light. They listen with rapture as they sing the songs of the higher heavens, set to music, transcending any the choirs can sing in the temples to-day, and they long to inspire earth hearts herewith. There is music you on earth have never heard. There are melodies yet to be given whose grand harmony, rythm and melody you on earth have but faintly

conceived. Saidie sees among those with whom she mingles the masters of music—those who have come to earth in the past with a deeper knowledge thereof than they were able to express. These lived in a thought-world of their own. They lived in an atmosphere of harmony, the faintest echoes of which they might express in song and melody, but the soul was still unexpressed. The unfoldment of earthland could not receive the deeper soulful harmonies which thrilled and vibrated within the inner sanctuary of their being, and they carried with them into the higher life unwritten song, unexpressed music. There they could give forth freely as the birds of the air. Among the harmonies of the higher life they live and are happy. They yet will give through the power of inspiration that which thrills through their souls with untold happiness. The day is not so far distant when this can and will be done. The angel world ask their instruments to fit themselves for a grander, deeper work. You ask of us—we ask of you. Make yourselves receptive to the higher, the better. Live in harmony with the holy, true and pure, and thus the forces unseen can make their power felt for great good to humanity.

Mankind are learning that intellectuality is not spirituality. There is a something more to be attained than mere earth culture; that once attained culture is assured. Then the angels can sing with you as they

sing together in the halls of light. Then, from the world that is far away, can light and knowledge reach the land that waits now the full born day of higher reason, and the reaching forth of earth hearts to conceive. Then will melody and music ring forth from the heart and soul, the rhythm and thought expressed cluster around truth, and mankind will ring no more the words superstition has caused to be given as hymns of praise to a God of whom they are deplorably ignorant.

Saidie and the angels listen and hear the melodies of voices, but turn a deaf ear to the meaningless words. We would be glad if our loved ones, who welcome us, ever could sing the more beautiful and perfect airs that will fall as inspirations from those who have become worthy to be called masters of song. But we wish the heart in song, to be expressions of enduring truth; and while these are but simply expressed we will be content, knowing the time will come when our loved ones will join with us in singing songs that now come to them as faintest echoes of possibility.

And, children, when you take your places among the inspirers of the race, it will be with an added knowledge and greater wisdom. You will leave a shining landmark upon the shores of time, that will remain, not only during centuries, but ages untold. Saidie counsels each one to reach for the highest and holi-

est, that when you return you may look back o'er all the past with feeling of great joy and satisfaction; glad you were light-bearers to a needy world.

Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light, Oswego, N. Y.

[From a Member of the Order.]

Members of our order, friends of knowledge and lovers of high attainment, the lessons of life are too grand to lead the pilgrim out where the waters of peace perpetually flow, to complain or take issue with satire and undeveloped souls. Intelligence has ever been admired, and knowledge is the fadeless wealth of the soul. Our worst enemy is selfishness, the result of ignorance. None but the unfolded soul can hold the credentials and see where the earthly spirit stands. Let everlasting truth be our defence, and give humanity the fraternal greeting that they may solve the problem of life and its schooling through matter.

The infinite, the eternal past and limitless space are beyond the echo of thought. We can think of law and order filling immensity, light and love's omnipotent power, and muse on the omnipresent life and the indestructible atom, co-existent with time and indispensable to the evolution of duality, all welling up like an ever swelling fountain; evolving forms and durations, to make eternity endless. But the origin of mat-

ter, the underlying principle of life and the supreme power, omniscient mind, we have no originality to comprehend, and all we can ever know of Deity is the result of His law, that exists everywhere and reveals itself to the comprehensive mind.

Inconsistency ignores pre-existence, the succession of heavenly mansions and the progressive law of embodiments, and fails to account for the children of the Orient, the intelligence of the few and ignorance of the many. If there are no incarnations for the undeveloped child, what becomes of the still-born babe that made equal draft on Deity in the start, and the indispensable law of cause and the deific spirit that cannot die. The truth that man is a dual being, and that through the schooling of matter alone can he reach his angelhood will stand for all time, and more; it will in good time reveal itself to the inmost soul of every child of the Infinite.

Progression follows the wake of animated nature, the world is at its meridian, and every child of mother earth has been born before, and mortals die and new ones born, but spirit never. Our first parents were individualized spirits before this world was habitable, else they could not have materialized full size forms in the bosom of mother earth. Deific babes must have mortal forms to incarnate and support life, but Adam and Eve did materialize physical bodies through the evolved law of cause and the magnetic power of deified souls and support themselves.



MRS. GEORGE ROBERTS.

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BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Hartwick, Otstego Co., New York. She was a medium from her earliest recollection. All of her family were sensitives and especially her mother was a medium of wonderful power. Mrs. Roberts was married to her present husband, George Roberts, in 1851, and removed to California in 1861. After her removal to California her medial powers became more pronounced. Spirits walked and talked with her during her daily vocations and manifested through her in twelve different phases. The most remarkable of these was the power to float through the air for some distance and is what is known as levitation. The first she experienced of this phase she found herself being carried through the air and a dog was barking at her. The next she knew she was extended on the hearthrug before a bright fire in a friend's house, her consciousness returned till she did the spirits' bidding. They were then told to take the medium home; which they did, and it required careful nursing to restore her back to life, the power had been so great over the physical. At another time she was carried across a stream and sat upright against a fence after a very severe accident which caused dislocation of the shoulder and a broken arm. The

broken bones were set with materialized hands. At another time she was sent many miles, not knowing for what. She arrived at a friend's house just in time to save his life from poison. In many ways has she been used to save life. She hears voices, sees faces, and obeys their mandates. She is at the present time under the guidance of a powerful band from the higher plane, and will carry out their instructions with all that ardor and strength of her spiritual nature. In her spacious home is a room dedicated and consecrated to the divine love and harmony of advanced spirits. She is a member of the Sun Angel Order of Light and all members of the order are welcome to her sanctum. Mrs. Roberts is well aware that this journey through matter is her last embodiment, consequently her work is plain before her and she hastens to perfect every detail.

Welcome! will greet thee, dear sister, at home;

A welcome none but the angels can know;
You have gleaned well in fields you have sown;

All of earth's children must reap as they sow.

Already the banner waves in the breeze,

A song of triumph by loved ones is sung;

Thy guardian is waiting, waiting to see
The earth pilgrim again in their star-gemmed home.

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A MARRIAGE RING.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Does the world contain an island * I may sometime call my own ?
Some spot of classic splendor drifting from a warmer zone ?
Ægean shores and vales of song with grand Olympic hills,
Whose fields of rare mosaic heap with gold the gen'rous mills,
Kaleidoscopic mountains with their towers back of all,
Swift sending to the valleys foaming white the waterfall,
A wonderland of story, sister-twin with Grecian shrine,
And balmy groves and fountains—would a tithe of this were mine !
Deep groves that mark the ages from their niches lost along,
And whose sunken rivers listen to learn their burst of song.

This land is California with her rainless summer skies,
Whose isles upon her ocean are pictured argosies;
Naught but this risen empress from the matrix of the sea
Could bring such hand of welcome as she reaches forth to me;
While her broad and cultured peoples, so like our own they seem,
I have heard their songs of progress but to hail them in my dream,
Saying, "Kinsmen of Arcadia I loved you long ago,
Tho' fate so dark surrounds me, I could never let you know.

"I am eager for your treasures sweet as Sappho's morning song,
For the spicy breath of canyons with their million voices strong;
For the sunlight on the arches where the centuries yet sing,
And the rainbow spans the gorges where the gods are worshipping;
Where the temples bear the torches from the spires of the morn,
And the mysteries of creation on the purple peaks are born;
I am waiting for your glories that my people long to see,
I would leave these golden marches as a later gift from me."

I must make a tender murmur for the neighbor in his corn,
And a restful song for mothers who have toiled since early morn,
While they hold the nursing baby as they rock and dream and rest,
They may listen to your breezes, O, Nirvana of the west,
And my songs may touch the children in their low-wheeled trundle beds,
As a lullaby at twilight when they droop their golden heads.
For the miner in his cabin 'neath the moaning of the fire,
And let his bride remember that I sing my song for her,
For the boy upon the prairie, or the mesa with his sheep
All alone beside the yucca in the drowsy noon asleep;
And the maiden in the orchard 'neath the mountain's mirrored lake,
She shall know my heart has found her singing only for love's sake,

An inheritance for legions, I may ask and something more
Since my race has felt the burdens that our ancient sires bore;
And this gem that I shall give them from that never sunset land,
Be a marriage-band, my country, that I fit upon your hand.
"With this ring do I endow thee with my substance and my goods,
With this master-land of wonders and her flashing streams and woods;
We shall taste her lotus blossoms and forget our world of care;
We shall sail her Hesper ocean with the pink shells lying there;
We may ride upon the billows that have caught the skies of June,
While Nerides are chanting all the summer afternoon,
And the seaweed spreads its mazes as a counterpane of spring
'Till we smile to know our loved ones in such bow'rs are slumbering."

* Lower California was thought by Cortez and his men to be an island.

AN INTRODUCTORY FRAGMENT.

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

"Through woman's purer faith we see
A way unto a higher heaven."

These lines came to me in June, 1888, in an inspiration of the night. I awoke from a dream-like effort of either reading poetical lines from a scroll, or speaking them extempore, the above lines being the conclusion thereof, or the last words spoken before awaking, and they, only, remained in my waking memory. The rest had vanished, or faded, as the consecutive lines vanish on a scroll that is in the process of being rolled up; or fade out, as the printed page, or newspaper scrap, that falling on the hearth, takes fire and is consumed before your eyes, even the ashes retaining for a moment legible lines, until they break up and crumble to dust or a puff of air scatters them.

I have frequently had these experiences, but more often than otherwise not even a fragment remains in the waking memory. If upon awaking, my mind is clear, and I think over what has just occurred, and mentally repeat the unforgotten words, there is a chance of my recollecting them afterwards; otherwise they fade out entirely from my waking consciousness. To make sure of storing up the incident in my memory I must make a written note of it. In only a few instances have I done this. Sometimes I seem to

be reading from a scroll or a printed page; then again, I am speaking right along, without any seeming effort on my part, either in well-rounded elocutionary periods, or in well-sustained, easy-flowing verse.

One of the most marked experiences of this kind came to me during the spring of 1887, and occurred in the early morning, just before my usual time of rising. I seemed to be standing in a conservatory, by the side of a potted plant which was in bloom. The plant seemed to be a variety of tall white lily, like the Easter lily—and now, that I come to think of it, it must have been about Easter-time, although this has never occurred to me before. I seemed to be giving an improvisation in rhyme, with this lily for my text, and, in some way, I must have been comparing it to human life, for I seemed to glide by an easy gradation into a figure of speech which indicated a comparison of the soul, or spirit of man, to the beautiful blossom at my side, and to which my hand was pointing; for the concluding words which remained in my memory, upon suddenly awaking, was this fragmentary stanza:

Appearing to our eyes;
The crust of earth it overcomes
And blossoms to the skies.

I thought it over for a few moments
and then dropped off into another

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BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

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Some spot of classic splendor drifting from a warmer zone?
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For the sunlight on the arches where the centuries yet sing,
And the rainbow spans the gorges where the gods are worshipping;
Where the temples bear the torches from the spires of the morn,
And the mysteries of creation on the purple peaks are born;
I am waiting for your glories that my people long to see,
I would leave these golden marches as a later gift from me."

I must make a tender murmur for the neighbor in his corn,
And a restful song for mothers who have toiled since early morn,
While they hold the nursing baby as they rock and dream and rest,
They may listen to your breezes, O, Nirvana of the west,
And my songs may touch the children in their low-wheeled trundle beds,
As a lullaby at twilight when they droop their golden heads.
For the miner in his cabin 'neath the moaning of the fire,
And let his bride remember that I sing my song for her,
For the boy upon the prairie, or the mesa with his sheep
All alone beside the yucca in the drowsy noon asleep;
And the maiden in the orchard 'neath the mountain's mirrored lake,
She shall know my heart has found her singing only for love's sake,

An inheritance for legions, I may ask and something more
Since my race has felt the burdens that our ancient sires bore;
And this gem that I shall give them from that never sunset land,
Be a marriage-band, my country, that I fit upon your hand.
"With this ring do I endow thee with my substance and my goods,
With this master-land of wonders and her flashing streams and woods;
We shall taste her lotus blossoms and forget our world of care;
We shall sail her Hesper ocean with the pink shells lying there;
We may ride upon the billows that have caught the skies of June,
While Nerides are chanting all the summer afternoon,
And the seaweed spreads its mazes as a counterpane of spring
'Till we smile to know our loved ones in such bow'rs are slumbering."

* Lower California was thought by Cortez and his men to be an island.

AN INTRODUCTORY FRAGMENT.

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

"Through woman's purer faith we see
A way unto a higher heaven."

These lines came to me in June, 1888, in an inspiration of the night. I awoke from a dream-like effort of either reading poetical lines from a scroll, or speaking them extempore, the above lines being the conclusion thereof, or the last words spoken before awaking, and they, only, remained in my waking memory. The rest had vanished, or faded, as the consecutive lines vanish on a scroll that is in the process of being rolled up; or fade out, as the printed page, or newspaper scrap, that falling on the hearth, takes fire and is consumed before your eyes, even the ashes retaining for a moment legible lines, until they break up and crumble to dust or a puff of air scatters them.

I have frequently had these experiences, but more often than otherwise not even a fragment remains in the waking memory. If upon awaking, my mind is clear, and I think over what has just occurred, and mentally repeat the unforgotten words, there is a chance of my recollecting them afterwards; otherwise they fade out entirely from my waking consciousness. To make sure of storing up the incident in my memory I must make a written note of it. In only a few instances have I done this. Sometimes I seem to

be reading from a scroll or a printed page; then again, I am speaking right along, without any seeming effort on my part, either in well-rounded elocutionary periods, or in well-sustained, easy-flowing verse.

One of the most marked experiences of this kind came to me during the spring of 1887, and occurred in the early morning, just before my usual time of rising. I seemed to be standing in a conservatory, by the side of a potted plant which was in bloom. The plant seemed to be a variety of tall white lily, like the Easter lily—and now, that I come to think of it, it must have been about Easter-time, although this has never occurred to me before. I seemed to be giving an improvisation in rhyme, with this lily for my text, and, in some way, I must have been comparing it to human life, for I seemed to glide by an easy gradation into a figure of speech which indicated a comparison of the soul, or spirit of man, to the beautiful blossom at my side, and to which my hand was pointing; for the concluding words which remained in my memory, upon suddenly awaking, was this fragmentary stanza:

Appearing to our eyes;
The crust of earth it overcomes
And blossoms to the skies.

I thought it over for a few moments
and then dropped off into another

somnolent experience, in which I was inveighing, in rhyme and rhythm, against the criminal neglect of railroad corporations in not providing themselves with fire-preventing apparatus, in cases of accidents. Contrary to my usual experience, upon awaking this time, instead of remembering the closing words, with scarcely any idea of the general tenor, I had a consciousness of the tenor of the whole, but could recall none of the words; although I could remember that something was said to the effect that when a few more thousands of dollars' worth of property had been destroyed, and a few more hundreds of lives had been lost, then perhaps the railroad companies would begin to think of making use of electric apparatus for preventing fires during accidents.

Apropos of this experience, I may say that some time prior to this, an occupant of the same household in which I was, had received circulars from a friend in New York, who had invented just such a life-and-property-saving apparatus, and was trying to get it introduced into railroad use. That apparatus, or something similar, has since, I believe, been adopted into the use of many railroads—at least that is my impression. I saw the above mentioned circulars at the time of their arrival and had a vague understanding of their contents, but at the time I was not at all interested in the subject, and was not conscious that I had once given it a moment's thought,

after glancing at the papers and illustrations. Naturally my thought recurred to these papers after this experience—although I believe not for some little time—but I could not help wondering how it was that I should be led to give that somnolent, and so faintly-remembered improvisation upon that particular subject.

Is this but a nascent form of a power which, if developed, would enable me to stand upon the rostrum, and, like Colville, Mrs. Richmond and a score of others, pour out improvisations by the half hour, on any subject given by the audience? I have sometimes thought so, or at least half hoped so; but I have never been sanguine that I shall ever, in this life, realize the available development of the faculty, owing to environments, constitutional infirmities, and lack of health.

I have strayed from my original purpose, however, in giving these experiences at length, for when I wrote down the first words, it was with the intention of using them as the motto or subject of an essay upon woman, and her influence and province in the work of this transition period, which is now laboring to usher in the grand Soul Cycle, which is to see the human race lifted up to a far higher plane of life. But as I have a good deal to say upon the subject, and perhaps some very plain truths to state (possibly, unwelcome ones to many) I will defer that part of my intention to a future article, and in the meantime I will send this little fragment on ahead as a sort of *avant courier*.

San Bernardino, Cal., July 15, 1891.

EXPERIENCE OF S. E. W. MARTIN ON ENTERING SPIRITLAND.

[Given through a private medium.]

When I called Abbie, my darling daughter, and informed her that I felt very sick, I asked myself the question, "Can this be death?" I hoped it was not—I did not want to die. I was happy in my business affairs, more so than I had been for years. In my social world I was much pleased.

My experience was not so severe as the attendants thought. At intervals of consciousness I felt that I could not separate from my old friend, my body, and would put forth every effort of will to remain to carry out my plans. At last with a mighty wrench I found myself standing by my body. I felt so free and at ease. I touched my limbs and they were natural. I then touched my body, it gave me a start of disgust and I said: "Am I dead?" A hand was laid on my shoulder. I looked to see who it could be. It was a tall young man whose eyes looked into mine and he said: "Welcome, Mr. Martin, welcome home." I did not recognize him and marveled much. He read my thoughts, smiled and said: "You do not know me, Mr. Martin?" I was a little boy in earth life. I am a man in spirit land. I am Willie E. Bushnell, Jr. You shall know my name in spirit ere long. Come with me." Another spirit accompanied him. "This," he said, "is my old friend

Weller. His mother is now upon earth and is your true friend Pet. A. Bovee." In a group on what looked like an island were three ladies. I felt drawn to them and before I could speak, was surrounded by my three mothers, my own mother, my adopted mother and my step-mother. I loved them all while in the mortal. I was taken away to rest. Oh, the sweetness of that rest. As I awoke from what seemed a refreshing slumber, I looked for a clock to note the time. I could not see one familiar object and said: "Oh what a dream!" I called, but no sound answered. I tried to rise, but could not. I then said: "Oh, yes I am sick."

I heard music then, which seemed to come nearer and nearer till I was floated out and away on its white clouds to a place that looked familiar to me; but I could not tell where I had seen it or how I had even come there. All this time I had not thought of or remembered Edith, as she was known to me on earth. This beautiful place I had been taken to seemed too lovely for such as I to remain in long. I felt uneasy, a longing for something, I could not tell what. I had met many of my old friends. One in particular, John Green. All were overjoyed to see me, yet I wanted some one or something not yet seen. I wanted to go

home. Just then, Brown looked me in the face and said: "Yes, yes, I know. Come with me." He led me back to my home. The sobs of my darling child, my Abbie, smote on my ear. My heart gave one wild leap toward her prostrate form; I called aloud, but she could not hear me. That was the sting of death. My body was laid with care in a rich and costly box. It looked peaceful and calm and I said to it: "Good bye, old friend, I shall need you no more; good bye. You have served me well, let us part the best of friends."

I stood by Dr. Thomas, heard all he said on that occasion, and blessed him in my soul. I tried to comfort my mourners. I whispered in the ear of my wife. She started for a moment, but I was dead to her and nothing could break the spell.

I was then taken over the mountains, led into the room to the side of a dear friend. She remarked as I placed my hand upon her head: "I cannot understand my feelings. I feel so alone. Where are my spirit-friends? I feel that something has happened or something will soon occur."

I placed a kiss upon her brow, which she heeded not. O, if she did but know the possibilities of her medial powers and the love of those who guard her daily life, she would ever look up, ever smile in contentment. The revelations which greeted me at every turn, overpowered me for a time in forgetfulness. I can not tell how long. When I

awoke I thought of a cottage that was mine, of the joyful anticipations that had been a well spring of gladness. I found myself there. I walked through the rooms, looked out of the window and realized that I was recognized by one who knew me well in days gone by. Through the fields of Elysium bliss I was led by a guide. That part of the journey was invisible to my sight, not my sense. We rested in a bower of flowers and vines; roses greeted me on every side; birds of the most beautiful plumage nestled in the branches of the trees, whose leaves were cup shaped and emitted a spicy odor. I felt unrest, I wanted something. I wanted to see somebody, when my guide requested me to come with him. He looked into my eyes with a loving, fatherly glance. I was eager to go. I cared not where. I met many people, many whom I had known upon earth. Some were happy in their new life, others reaching for something they had not found. My guide led me into a path whose beauty I cannot describe. Upon the flower-laden branch of a tree was a banner, bearing the names "Raylovesse, Raylovessa." Memory, sweet Memory swung back her doors of the past and the next turn in the path revealed to my wandering gaze the home I left to go earthward, and there, at its door, stood my own, my soul of soul, my Raylovessa.

Friends of the sacred Sun Angel Order of Light, together with "My Own" whose care and guidance has

ever been mine during my journey in the valley, we greet one and all.

The happiness of the faithful is two-fold. When the journey is ended and you again take up the robe you laid aside to fall asleep and be clothed in the garb of flesh, language cannot describe the joy, the divine bliss of the welcome you are met with by your soul mate. I recalled the song, "Home, Sweet Home." That home was upon earth and decay. Mine is the home my mate and I have built and we are now building one more that awaits us in another sphere. This one others will occupy, who are traveling up the same road when we have passed on. We are building with the material of good deeds done to others. We still have much to do in

the sphere of sorrow. Be faithful, one and all, is the prayer of your brother in the order upon earth as well as the higher heavens. We have much to do and my work must be taken up where it was left off to labor in other fields. I made a few mortals happy with material aid in my earth life, and the thankfulness of those souls has paved my path with precious jewels that greet my eye, and the radiance of their hearts lights my way back to earth, where they shall still feel and know that I will bless them with my guiding care and tender love, rarer jewels than the mines of earth produce. God, the higher angel, will bless those who ask for wisdom. Again I will come and tell you of the holiness of eternal life and love.

THY SOUL.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Could I look back in the depths of thy soul,
 And quench my thirst at its fountain of love,
 I could rise on the wings of immortal control,
 And sing my glad songs from the hill-tops above.

I could walk in the fields that are grown with thorns;
 I could bear the sorrows that round me roll,
 And all of earth's ills I could turn into song,
 To know that thy sweet words came from the soul.

To know that my image reflects from the well
 That's down neath the surface of care;
 I would not ask thy dear lips to tell
 All thy fond hopes have cherished there.

Enough to feel my heart throbs are meet;
 That thy hopes mingle oft with my own;
 That our souls united in happiness will greet
 The day, we bow at love's sanctified throne.

IMMORTALITY.

BY JOHN G. ARNOLD.

IMMORTALITY has no bounds, endless life no beginning, and God no creation." Oh, immortality, what is the alchemy of thy grand simplicity! The guardian of my soul has led me over the by-gones, whence durations run and old time rolls on to make eternity endless. I have vied with Time and Nature in their occult laws; migrated on many swinging worlds, mused with angels on spiritual orbs, and counseled with souls most high on lofty themes—seeking immortality and eternal life; and to-day I am shrouded in the mortal grave, with immortality before me and eternal life to come, and yet there does exist an active living purity of soul, for every child for the father to immortality is the soul's diadem and the goal of Life's journey through the schooling of matter, and stands at the open door of eternal life: and obtained through the union of spirit and matter to evolve forms and organisms for the inner man. Hence this individuality, personality and identity. 'Tis the law of our being to unfold the possibilities of the soul and the spirit within, and solve the problems of life through experience and the schooling of the mind for higher attainments and still higher fulfillments of love, light and spirituality.

Come, view with me the stary vault that fills all space with systems

of suns and swinging planets. Our sun is a vast assemblage of atoms and lit up by its counterpart, and the electricity lights up all the system of worlds that gravitate its orb. The planets reflect their refulgence on the unseen homes of the soul, and luminous seas of life animate vividly the all unfolding energy and illuminate the heaven of heavens: a series of successive radiant light and unliving purity—unto the central sun. Mind, the animate, and matter the inanimate and opposing principle exacting law immutable, and knowledge the power supreme, and they unite to redeem the indestructible atom, and matter becomes subservient to the master mind and spirit, a law in itself.

Spirit is the mind individualized and life within the soul, with power to animate the lifeless and receive unto soul sublime. The soul is the body, or the spirit, and form that angels wear. The mortal body is the dwelling place of the soul and supplies the soul with essence of the permeated atoms. Death is the dissolution of the soul and body, when the spirit seeks higher attainments. The all important of incarnations and schooling matter is to spiritualize the mind and illuminate the soul with purity, love and light. The Arabic law purifies the heavenly orbs and mankind must unfold souls to suit

them. Souls on the lower spheres cannot stand the radiant light of a heaven above and when the call is heard to "come up higher" the spirit drops its form incarnate and builds to suit the call.

Were it not for the suffering souls and the lower plains of thought, that can not rise above this present condition, without light to free them from the bondage that ignorance has taught them to be endless, the earth land would not be so important, as our pilgrimage is short and we could afford to suffer for the grand lessons of life. But souls in darkness come to the land, their incarnation for redeeming power, and that makes earth the battle ground. The object of spiritualism is to enlighten humanity and to teach all souls on all worlds how to seek for higher attainments; and the angels demand from courts celestial, and all along almighty is moving, as never before, to redeem souls and set the prisoners free.

All souls and all planets have their counterparts and magnetic centers to hold the equipoise of attractions. Dual souls are united and inseparable to the universal oneness, and indispensable to the law of unfoldment; the light of spirituality and

omniscient love of everlasting faith. There is no endless poise to the progressive mind and there does exist a fulfillment of purity and love for the soul, and this law deific makes its demands for conformation and spiritual cycles of love, light and wisdom of soul and spirit. Hence it is that spirits glean from all fields that gravitate the central sun for spirituality and soul-growth.

Eternal life is the goal of soul and the final right of every child of the Father, and immortality is our inheritance, and the consummation of all labors in the here and there. The realization of all our hopes, and the restitution of all our attainments, the schooling of incarnations. 'Tis the possession of all our gleaning for countless ages and eternities of time's duration. The glory and grandeur of the heaven of heavens invite, and the central star of our diadem hold the credentials to pass the portal where no soul would fain ask a mitigation of the law. The last grand march call and marriage rights of of dual souls—an angel, and the universe is our world to expose and seek wisdom—our eternal youth and love.

Weston, W. Va.

A REVIEWER ANSWERED.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

FRIEND ROSS: Your review of my brief article is in such good spirit that I would not answer it only for a misapprehension, and some questions which seem to require an answer.

The misapprehension is in stating that I make a distinction between a future life and immortality, and do not claim immortality. I intended to say that we can prove the future life by the phenomena, because some plainly come from a third personality when only one sitter and the medium are present, but for a belief in immortality we are dependent on reason and intuition. This will be plain to any one on a few moments' reflection.

The case of the butterfly was not put forward as an argument, but as an analogy to show that nature produces dual organisms. Perhaps the mosquito is a better illustration; this insect lives one life in water and rising to the surface puts out wings and lives a life in the atmosphere much to our annoyance.

This plainly has some analogy to man's double life; one in the physical body and one as a disembodied spirit with a different environment. This is no proof but an indication that a dual life is not contrary to the order of nature.

As a piece of fine writing to show that evolution may continue on from physical life to the spiritual I quote

the following fine passages from Sir Ewin Arnold:

"Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing and emancipating them? Take things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses, to behold colors we can not here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform state. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth and never free to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion

of the lover and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let those priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them ground-work and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death, which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth, and wherefrom, it may well be, the newborn dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing ministrations awaiting it like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad lids to 'a light that was never on sea or land;' and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lower lessons of this earthly nursery."

It seems so plain that if spiritual organisms are to spring from animals, it should be from the highest type on the planet, and not from buffaloes or other lower animals, that nothing needs to be said on that point.

You admit the phenomena, but claim that there is no proof that they do not originate with mediums or sitters, still in the body. In this you differ from most materialists, who

relegate the phenomena to trickery.

You say, "It is far more reasonable to suppose that the force and intelligence that wrote the messages between the enclosed slates was done by the psychic power of the mediums and others present, than to suppose it was done by a spirit which had cast off its body." Here you have taken a position which is a mere individual guess, unsupported by a ray of established science. It would seem to be requisite that you furnish some proof that these do or can come from the medium or sitter. But we have abundant proof that they can not possibly come from either, as much is often stated that neither of them ever knew. In the first place the messages furnish strong evidences of the characteristics of the spirit whose name is attached. Now if they came from the organisms of the medium or sitter, there is gross dishonesty, conscious or unconscious, in forging the name of disembodied spirits. And as every investigator knows, facts are often communicated unknown to either medium or sitter.

You quote Major Griffeth as saying that in materializations, the forms are made up of particles attracted from the medium and the audience, but the Major, with all spiritualists, believed that a spirit thus clothed itself with a tangible and visual form. But so large a share of materializations are fraudulent, that it is not a good phase for a skeptic.

After reminding me that the *onus probandi* rests upon me, you ask, "What proof do you or any spiritual-

ist offer to establish that which you affirm." I answer the great body of spiritual phenomena which the great English scientist, A. R. Wallace, says, "establish the truth of spiritualism as well as any scientific proposition is proved."

To go into details would be endless and much like presenting a few isolated facts to prove the evolution theory or the general theory of geology. A fair share of these phenomena goes to show the identity of the communicating spirit, but this is unnecessary; the fact that they are disembodied spirits communicating with those still in the body, is all that is required. A case occurred not long ago of a spirit showing where to find an important legal document, when the sitter could not find it and the medium knew nothing about it whatever.

You seem to think there is an unfair discrimination in requiring a person to have the help of a medium to communicate with spirits. I think you must see that this is an untenable position. It is reasonable to presume that spirits have found great difficulty in communicating, else the world would not have waited until the last half of the nineteenth century for this important achievement. Mediums are endowed by nature more richly with psychic force than others, and this when they are well trained, enables them to be an indispensable help to the communicating spirit. This is certainly in harmony with other things. To make a great lawyer, great natural ability and excellent training are

both requisite. Study and experience of themselves could never make a Webster or a Choate. The same is true of great poets, who appear only once in centuries, like Homer, Dante, Milton or Shakespeare.

You say, "It is far more reasonable to suppose that the force and intelligence that wrote the messages between the closed slates was done by the psychic power of the living spirits and bodies of the mediums and others present." But little need be said to show this to be an untenable position. In the first place, it would convict the medium or sitter of gross dishonesty to forge the name of a disembodied spirit to a message emanating from themselves. Then there are often strong evidences, in many cases, of the identity of the spirit communicating, which could not come from the medium or sitter.

You ask two questions and say, "Please tell me at what point or stage of man's development did he become endowed of this power of entering upon a future and a better life? And tell me whether or not all races, classes and conditions of mankind have yet attained to that high endowment or not."

I have had ideas, scarcely theories on these subjects, but they are of no importance or relevancy to the present discussion. To discuss them would be as idle as were the discussions of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, who wrote essays to prove when the soul entered the body of a child. We can rest assured that

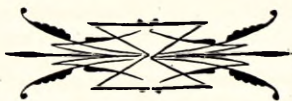
Nature will be true to herself and that this will be all right. In the arena of spiritual life we can ascertain the fact and study out the philosophy. In general I should say that when a low savage or a person of defective mind has enough moral, intellectual, and spiritual growth to develop a spirit form at death, they would have that life, which is saying very little.

You say, "If the spirits of the dead possessed the power to write on slates, they could write on a single slate with the pencil in plain view, as well as when the pencil is hidden between two slates." Is it not a trifle presumptuous to suppose one in the body can know the difficulties of slate-writing and how to overcome

them as well as a spirit who has studied over it and experimented for years? During the first ten years of my slate-writing experience, the writing was done on top of a single slate held under the edge of the table, but they were not wholly satisfactory. Hence I sought and obtained writing between two slates I had bought and sealed myself. Three messages closed with these lines which the medium could not have written for lack of culture, and I am sure they did not come from my mind:

Millions upon millions of ages shall roll,
Progression, ever the theme of your soul;
By beauty and grandeur your soul shall be
led,

And worlds without number your spirit
shall tread.



A MEMORY.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

In thought once more a child I stood
In awe beneath the forest trees,
With fruits or flowers in my hand
I hear the chant of birds and bees.

I gather in my homespun gown
The treasures rich of leaves and moss,
In my small hands, so bare and brown,
The gold I hold is without dross.

The gold I hold is Nature's own
It has no taint of base alloy,
Tho' years since then have come and flown,
I feel again the childish joy.

Again there comes the childish pain,
Which o'er my heart unbidden crept
When by the frost the buds were slain
And nature in the raindrops wept.

O forests! in the early spring,
Or lying warm in summer's glow,
Or when with autumn's sounds ye ring,
Or silent lie beneath the snow,

I love thee still! each rock and tree
Its place was kept within my heart,
Oft to your shades I now would flee
To heal the world's unkindly smart.

How oft in childhood's days I stole
Into your dim lit, solemn aisles;
Peace came into my troubled soul
And sorrow fled 'neath nature's smiles.

O childhood's tears! how swift they flow,
How soon a loving touch can dry
Before we've known life's deeper woe
Or haunting griefs which cannot die.

How strong in childhood's heart will spring
The fountain of immortal joy,
The bird of hope will never sing
As once it sang for girl or boy.

COFFEE; ITS USE AND ABUSE.

EXTRACT OF AN ESSAY BY DR. I. N. LOVE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I VENTURE opinion that there is no beverage on earth to-day which, used in moderation, expresses more comfort, contentment and calmness to the cerebral centres than coffee. But in excess it is undoubtedly most dangerous. I doubt if the victims of alcoholic excess are as numerous as those who over indulge in coffee. Alcohol has two advantages—in that it is a food and that its excessive use is not respectable. The infusion of coffee in proper quantities aids digestion, and is a safe cerebro-spinal stimulant which is not followed by perceptible reaction.

Liebig drew attention first to the fact that this beverage contains the elements which stimulate the flow of bile. It is a decided laxative, a pronounced diuretic. The fact that the coffee belt of the world is also the "bilious belt," and the malarial belt as well as the field where noxious germs and suppurative processes most abound, is evidence of the fitness of things. No one knows better than the citizens of the hot regions of the world the value of coffee to open up the secretions which have been checked by the excessive heat or the malarial influence. They know well and have known for centuries, that which has recently been receiving much attention by the medical world, particularly in Ger-

many, viz.: the antiseptic properties of coffee.

Carl Luderitz, in the *Zeitschrift fur Hygiene*, has recently presented an interesting report concerning the influence of infusions of coffee on micro-organisms, in which he determined the influence of coffee infusions of different strength (varying from 10 to 30 per cent.) upon the growth of various forms of pathogenic and non-pathogenic micro-organisms. The coffee used in these experiments was roasted Java, and the infusions were made by adding from 10 to 30 parts of coffee by weight to 70 or 90 parts of boiling hot water. The coffee freshly roasted and ground fine, was covered with boiling water, and the infusion thus prepared was placed in a closed flask in a water bath for about ten minutes, and was then filtered through a sterilized filter. This infusion was used for making gelatin and in part directly. Where nutrient gelatin was made with this as a menstruum, it was inoculated with various forms of fungi and other micro-organisms to determine the possibility of their growth in such a medium. In other cases the organisms were added directly to the infusions of various strength, and after different periods of time inoculations were made from the infusions into other nutrient media. Luderitz found that the forms of fungi experi-

mented with, showed more or less growth in the coffee gelatin, but the abundance of growth was in many cases distinctly less than in other media. The other micro organisms he used for his experiments were the *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, the *streptococcus erysipelatosus*, the typhoid bacillus, the spirillum of cholera asiatica the bacillus anthracis, the bacillus prodigiosus and the proteus vulgaris. All these forms of micro-organisms were greatly influenced in their life and growth by the exposure to the infusion of coffee, but some were far more susceptible than others. The bacillus prodigiosus was totally destroyed only after exposure in a 10 per cent. infusion for four days, or in a 30 per cent. infusion for one day. The typhoid bacillus was completely destroyed after exposure in a 5 per cent. infusion for three days, in a 10 per cent. infusion for one or three days, or in a 30 per cent. infusion for one two days. The proteus vulgaris was killed after an exposure for four days in a 10 per cent. infusion. The staphylococcus pyogenes aureus was destroyed only after an exposure for six days in a ten per cent. infusion and for three days in a 30 per cent. infusion. The bacillus of Asiatic cholera was destroyed in a 1 per cent. infusion after 7 hours' exposure, in a 5 per cent infusion after four hours, and in a 30 per cent infusion after two hours. The streptococcus erysipelatosus was destroyed after an exposure of one day in a 10 per cent. infusion. The bacillus anthracis was destroyed

in a 10 per cent infusion after three hours, and in a 30 per cent. infusion after two hours.

The fact that coffee blunts sensation and increases secretion, would suggest that we educate the laity in the direction of at once giving the victims of accident a good cup of coffee, rather than the usual over stiff toddy, which, in many cases, given in excess, places the individual not only in an unfavorable condition physically, but also renders him liable to the charge from those not familiar with the facts, of having been injured on account of drunkenness.

The custom which prevails in New Orleans and generally throughout the South, of taking a cup strong, black coffee in the early morning, is an intelligent one. The people of those malarial regions have long since demonstrated the fact that the custom referred to is of great advantage as a prophylactic. The individual experience of the writer for five or six years past is strongly in favor of taking a cup of black coffee without sugar or cream, sandwiched in between two glasses of hot water before rising every morning at least one hour before breakfast. The various secretions are stimulated; the nervous force is aroused; an hour later a hearty meal is enjoyed and the day labor is commenced favorably, no matter how the duties of the day and night preceding may have drawn upon the physique. Another cup of coffee at four in the afternoon is sufficient to keep the energies un-

flagged for many hours thereafter. Taken in this manner, the full effect is secured; the stimulant devotes itself strictly to business, none of it is lost, and if the proper diet be taken at the proper times between (and the ideal diet for those who make large drafts upon their nervous systems and expect to have them honored, is hot milk), and if the above regimen be followed and accompanied by at least eight hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, the capacity for work is almost unlimited.

How many who are the victims of disease are ever consulted as to whether they have been accustomed to the habitual use of coffee or not? Take, for instance, typhoid fever—a long siege of suffering—a racked and wrecked nervous system, the chances largely in favor of the patient having been an habitual drinker of coffee, but whether so or not, the coffee is usually not given, though strongly

indicated, for the reason that it sustains and supports the weary, worn nerves, aids digestion, keeps the alimentary canal, which is alive with germs and putrefactive material, in a more or less antiseptic condition; helps to generally open the sewers of the system, being as it is, a diuretic, a stimulator of the bile flow and other secretions; allays the sense of fatigue and lessens tissue waste; braces up the heart's action and raises arterial tension. We all know that to prevent a chill nothing is superior to a cup of good, strong, black coffee.

As an antagonist to opium narcosis, strong, black coffee stands pre-eminent.

In excess, it disorders digestion, removes the desire for food, creates an indisposition to sleep, excites headache, vertigo, mental confusion and disturbing heart action.



"I SAY UNTO YOU, WATCH!"

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

A watcher stood in the light-house tower,
A storm was on the deep,
And wind and waves in fury lashed
The rock-bound coast, and howled and dashed,
Which betided ill for the ship at sea,
If that watcher, to trust, should faithless be.

A watcher, high up in the vessel's shroud,
Strained his eyes to see the shore,
A leak had sprung in the vessel's side,
And she rode at the will of the wind and tide;
And the fate of many a soul was held
In the hands of one 'till the storm was quelled.

He held his breath, when forth there sprung
A ray of purest light,
Which showed the snare of the rocks beneath,
Which would surely lure them down to death,
If the torch in the watcher's hand had died,
And no ray had come o'er the surging tide.

The watchers stand in many a tower,
And run the life barks grand
That are on the sea, in the maddening whirl,
Of ruin and wrong, in sin's deep swirl,
And they stand at their post with unflinching hand
And their torch of light marks the way to the land.

God bless the watchers on land or on sea,
That dwell in the earth below;
Their mission is true, their hearts so tried,
And though at their posts some have stood and died,
Yet the lights sent forth from their watch house tower
Will bless their lives 'till their dying hour.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

IN the morning of life our ships sail away to unknown seas, well ballasted with hope and ambition. We reckon not that a thousand dangers await them. They encounter storm and tempest, fierce cyclones, treacherous currents, sunken rocks. Unless staunch and true, and well manned with a resolute crew, they soon become drifting wrecks, or go down beneath the engulfing waves. How few return to us freighted with the rich invoices of character which constitute the soul's true wealth. We sought for earthly treasures—treasures of worldly gain, social position, gratified ambition—and our ships return to us empty laden. And then the shadows of disappointment and blighted hopes gather over us and turn the fresh Springtime of our lives into cheerless Autumn. It is thus we grow old, wrinkled, and gray, in spirit, and the outlook grows darker as we near the end.

The end? Rather should we not say the beginning? And what a beginning! But, even were this life the all in all of being, and there were no individualized conscious existence beyond, then how sad and unsatisfactory indeed would be such an ending. Why, if we lived as we ought—if we made our ventures cautiously, and with a view to those imperishable treasures of heart and soul that

survive the ravages of time, instead of seeking so entirely after the fleeting and fading things of earth,—life would grow richer and sweeter as the evening advances and its shadows lengthen. Profiting by every experience—by every burden and heartache, every mistake and failure,—we would gather strength and beauty with our years, and then we should approach the goal as calmly and softly—

"As fades the Summer cloud away,
As sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
As gently shuts the eye of day,
And dies the wave along the shore."

It takes but really little to make a man happy, if he only knows it! The trouble with most people is they don't know it. They imagine that certain factitious circumstances in life—certain wealthy conditions and surroundings; the ability to outshine and outrival in the hollow mockery of life, fashionable society; that these are the cargoes our ships should bring back in order to give us happiness. There never was a graver mistake. True happiness must come from within, and it needs but little from without to make it reasonably complete.

When this lesson is well learned and profited by, then are we but prepared to live. Then shall we know no such thing as age, save in the gentle

decay of physical life that even adds a charm and a zest to the higher enjoyments of the soul. And thus it is that when this life is most complete that we are best prepared to lay down and take our chances with what follows—confidently believing that if it is truly well with us here it will be all right with us there.

A PLEASANT little note from an old friend, a lady well-known in former years as Clara L. Reid, informs us that on the 1st inst., she was united in marriage with Geo. B. Staples, Cashier for many years with the Southern Pacific Company. Mrs. Staples is a graduated physician, but is now seeking for the restoration of her remarkable psychic powers in the practice of which she formerly won a state-wide reputation. As an independent slate writer her powers were once truly wonderful, and many is the seeking soul she has led to a knowledge of spiritual truth. One instance of her success, we had from the lips of an intelligent physician of San Francisco, who has since entered into spirit life. This physician, Dr. T——, who was a young man, had succeeded to a large practice left him by his father, who had passed on a few years before. The son's mother-in-law, who was stopping at his home, one day expressed the intention in his presence, of calling upon Mrs. Reid, who was then advertising to give sittings to ladies only, but she occasionally sat for gentlemen, as the "spirit moved" her. The Doctor said to the lady, "wait, I

will see her myself, and when I have exposed the fraud, you will not care to go." He accordingly called on Mrs. Reid, an entire stranger to that lady, and asked the privilege of a seance. Mrs. Reid said to him that she did not care to sit for gentlemen, but that she felt to do so in his case. She told him to go and procure slates of his own, as the result would be more satisfactory to him. This somewhat staggered the Doctor, as he expected to detect the fraudulent manipulation of the slates in her own hands. He procured the slates, returning in a few minutes, and handing them to her, she drew back, saying, "No, I do not want the slates; wipe them clean, place a small bit of pencil between them, and hold them in your own hands. He did as directed, and soon, to his utter astonishment, heard the pencil scratching between the slates. Soon he was directed to open them, when he found a long message in the perfect chiography of his father, and signed by his father's name. The message contained the astounding revelation to him of the purpose of his visit to the medium. It also assured him of the certainty of a future life, and closed with some excellent fatherly advice. The Doctor needed no further evidence. He returned to his family with a heart melted by the great truth. Mrs. Reid's old friends will rejoice that she intends to enter upon mediumistic work again. The writer could relate many experiences with this medium quite as conclusive as that herein given.

L. PET. ANDERSON BOVEE, the favorite and reliable trance medium of Chicago, has just gone from here to her home. Many will recollect this gifted lady, whose experiences in the spiritual field of labor would fill a volume. She visited San Francisco and her friends, thinking to restore her waning health and to scatter flowers over the resting dust of her much-beloved son, Wella, whose eyes she closed in the sleep of death when she visited this coast a few years ago. This medium is now installed in her beautiful home, where she will ever be pleased to see her friends. The work Mrs. Bovee has accomplished in the labor of love and in the field of spirit phenomena is beyond parallel almost. She has stood in the front ranks, bowed her head to the beating storms of adversity and wrong, has never turned back from the plow-share, has never been ashamed to be called a spiritualist. She has ever smiled on the doubting and given them an assurance of that abiding faith that dwells with and about her. The many, many who have sought her for a ray of comfort from the spirit world have ever received that consoling truth that their wearied, troubled souls longed for. Thousands can testify to the satisfactory messages through this medium's powers. Her sweet words have cooled the fevered brow of care, bound up the broken heart and given rest to the weary. We trust the fair face of this medium will never wear a marred look, for the ravages of time have dealt so far very leniently with her. We hope

and trust that the angels will strengthen and heal this medium physically and prolong her stay upon the earth. She is the light and joy of her devoted companion and also to others whose faith in her guides are unquestioned.

"WHY She Became a Spiritualist," by Abby A. Judson, whose excellent portrait adorns the first page of this work. This book is devoted to the author's transparent mediumship, and her life of devotion and care. Its pages are replete with interest. The author's personal evidences of spiritualism, the poetic lines under inspiration from her pen are worthy. She clears the sky of her glorious faith from clouds by giving her *own truths* in its behalf. The book is interesting, logical and convincing. She delineates life and death in their beauty. It is neatly bound in cloth, large, clean print, well worth the price, \$1 25. Address, Minneapolis, Minn.

W. J. COLVILLE's great lecture on the "Life and writings of Mme. Blavatsky," will shortly be published in pamphlet form. On the occasion of the delivery of this lecture in Memorial Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, standing room was at a premium and all the city papers gave lengthy reports of it on the following day.

It is the duty of society, as far as possible, to remove all temptation to a dissolute life from the reach of those who lack the moral firmness to resist its vitiating and seductive influence.

THERE is no end of nonsense published about the infliction of the death penalty as the punishment for capital offenses. Hanging is a beastly way of killing a man, (if we must kill him), and electrocution is no better. They are both barbaric and cruel ways of taking life. It is the preliminary bringing of the victim up to the scratch and the contemplation of the horrid paraphernalia for his taking off where-in the cruelty chiefly lies. If it is the death of the culprit only that is desired, it would seem be an act of common humanity to make the death as painless and as little shocking as possible. Let the prisoner be placed in a close cell, with the time for his execution unknown to him or the public, and then while he is asleep turn on a stupifying and deadly gas, from the effects of which he would never awake. Thus he would never know when he "went out." Or have the prison surgeon administer a potion in his food that would put his body to eternal sleep. There would be some sense and decency in this mode of taking life. But, when we become wiser, we shall learn that it is wicked barbarism to kill a human being for any cause. Give the culprit a chance to atone for his offence by a life devoted to honest toil. That would be the true way.

THE writer was one of a large audience that attended a seance on the 19th of July, given by Mrs. J. J. Whitney. This marvelously gifted medium stepped upon the platform in all the splendor and refinement of a

queen. The womanly dignity, grace, and sweetness of manner, combined with charity, make her the champion platform test-medium of the day. The perfect control the guardian has over her (he being reliable) makes any test complete. A most perfect test was given to a lady, Mrs. Alfred W. Adams, of Fresno. The control said: "A spirit of a man comes to me who says his name was 'Henry Wirt.' Are you Eliza? He is your father. He passed to spiritland in Europe. You were but an infant five months old. Previous to his departure he lifted you from the cradle and then and there made a vow to guard and guide you through your earthly travel. Your mother, Catherine, is here, and says she passed away in Utah. Another is here who says he has endeavored to take the thorns from out your path; to wipe the tears from your eyes; to whisper words of love and comfort to your wearied heart all through earth's rambles. He gives the name of 'William.' He tells me, 'Alfred is in the flesh,' will walk by your side in your life work. You will leave soon on a mission. Success shall crown you in your work for humanity." Test after test followed in the same quick way for many, who were satisfied.

MRS. J. G. WILLIAMS, one of San Francisco's most artistic dress-makers, has her parlors thronged with the followers of fashion at 211 Jones street. Her styles are much sought after for their elegance and exquisite taste.

IN the great sum of human life of how little significance is each individual unit. Even the world's greatest men and women drop out of the places they once occupied, and which we thought no others could fill as well, and are soon forgotten; or, if they live, it is in their works rather than in their individual memories. Thus Homer, Shakespere, Milton, Byron, Titian, Mozart, and all the world's great masters of song and art, are no longer personal entities to us; but rather the works which they wrought and in which they will live forever.

In the state, in communities, in the smaller circles of public, social, and domestic life, our best known citizens, friends and neighbors, one after another, pass away,—a moment's surprise, a sigh of tender regret, a heart-burst of agony, perhaps,—and soon no trace or ripple is seen upon the surface of life's broad sea. In public life, or in the ranks of citizenship, their places are soon filled by others, the dismembered ranks are closed, and the onward march is unbroken forever.

Of all the world's countless millions, sweeping onward in vast cycles from infancy to old age, how few are remembered longer than during the generation in which they live. Like the shifting colors of the kaleidoscope, such is human life—ever changing into new and wonderful forms; and ever evolving from the lower forms, types of the higher, and the higher still, to mark the steadily advancing progress of the race.

Death and decay is written upon

all life. He through whose veins now flows the red tide of health, whose will is strong to do and dare, and whose hand is quick to perform, nurses in his bosom the seeds of dissolution, which will ere long burgeon and blossom, and bear fruit for the grave. The cheek and eye of beauty, that glow to-day with the sparkle of roscate health, will wither and pale with age, or fade away at the touch of disease and death.

Thus, even in man's proudest and best estate, how absolutely little does he not seem. How vain his unbridled ambitions—how empty the laurels the world places on his brow. A few years hence and naught of himself will remain but a handful of dust that a breath would scatter into nothingness. The good or evil that he did—the deeds that he wrought—are all that will survive to bless or tarnish his memory.

This, then, should be the end and aim of all, to so act that this life shall not only afford to each its largest meed of health and happiness, but that the memory of things done—the monuments of good deeds erected here—shall survive the mutations of time, to blaze the way for others who are to follow.

OUR happiness in this life depends not so much on circumstances or surroundings, as in our determined efforts to do our best in all conditions in which we are placed. Our common heritage is more or less allied to sorrow and pain, but we have within ourselves the antidote of heart-sun-

shine that will alleviate, if not remove many of our troubles. But we persistently reject the means of happiness that lie within our reach, by ignoring present small pleasures, in hopes of enjoying greater ones in the future good time coming, which always keep just ahead, and is therefore unattainable. We cultivate little cares till they sometimes attain enormous growth, by constantly dwelling on them and dolefully rehearsing them to our friends, when we should do our best to try to rise above them. In the most difficult and trying conditions there will often be a bright side, which, if seized upon, will lead one straight out of tangled paths into the light; and it is well to bear this continually in mind, "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

WE notice in a recent issue of the *Summerland*, a statement from Mr. H. L. Williams, in which he denies the correctness of the information given to the editors of this journal and published in the July number, relating to Albert Morton's summary dismissal as editor-in-chief of the *Summerland* paper. Our informants were ladies, who had just come from the scene of action, and are persons whose word is always to be relied upon. As their names are on the paper which the committee presented to Mr. Williams, and as they were attendants at the indignation meetings which were held, wherein the removal of Albert Morton was discussed, we take it that they knew

what they were talking about; and severer measures were talked of at these meetings than the one adopted. Mr. Morton had made himself so obnoxious by open and private abuse of some of Summerland's most highly esteemed citizens that the residents would stand it no longer. We presume the wide difference between Mr. Williams' statements and the ladies' is accounted for on the hypothesis that the committee hypnotised Mr. Williams and Mr. Morton, and while in the unconscious state the change was made and Mr. Kempton installed editor, and on returning to the normal condition, they have no recollection of what occurred while they were under the hypnotic influence.

NATURE never gave to the world a sweeter poet, or one who swept the lyre with gentler touch, than Father Ryan. In his prayer for rest, we can almost see the dear old priest, with hair silvered with the snows of age bending over his desk as he writes—

And am I restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

HE would be considered insane who should, without chart or compass, sail out upon the ocean, and with no port in view, drift hither and thither upon the vast deep; and yet multitudes of souls float out upon the mystical sea of life as aimless and objectless—no star or beacon light to guide them o'er the dreary waste.

WE are gratified to learn by letter that Sister S. E. Woodruff is on this coast, now in Summerland, where she is resting from a long journey. We regret to learn that she is quite indisposed. We trust the salubrious climate of Southern California will restore her to her usual health, that she may be able to do the work the angels require of her. She is a worker in the vineyard of the Lord that lies on the mountain side of the everlasting hills of glory. Rest, Sister, in the embrace of the sweet hospitality so conducive to your happiness.

WE are sorry to note from *The Sower* that it must suspend for two months. It is a magazine worthy the attention and notice of every spiritualist of our fair land. The editress, Mrs. Cora L. Bliss, has made it attractive by her selections in every department. Her editorials speak of her gentle refinement, her purity of purpose, and upright character. Two months may give the needed rest, that she may buckle on the armor and renew the battle so nobly fought by this delicate little woman. May the angels guide and assist.

A PRIVATE letter from that veteran spiritualist and popular writer, John Wetherbee, says that the camp at Onset, this year, exceeds in numbers and spiritual excellence any previous camp for several years. Mr. Wetherbee is one of the few writers of spiritual phenomena and philosophy who can get into the leading secular

papers of Boston and elsewhere. He is one of our faithful contributors and is a great favorite with the readers of *GOLDEN WAY*.

THERE would seem to be some justification for the recent assertion of a rather prominent railroad man, that the time would come when electricity would take the place of steam on all regular railroads, in the fact that a line forty one miles in length for both freight and passenger traffic is to be built between Ashville and Rutherton, N. C., to be operated entirely by electricity. Truly, we live in a wonderful age.

WE are in receipt of that excellent magazine, *Weekly Discourse*, by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. The discourse contained in this book is replete with wisdom and purpose. Long may this lady live to give to the world the knowledge her guides scatter so lavishly. No speaker in modern spiritualism has stood before the public with the success of Mrs. Richmond. Her lustre remains undimmed.

THE whisperer of scandal, or the carrier of gossip, leaves a slimmer track than a poisoned reptile—pollutes the fair, beautiful world around with a blast deadlier than the "red-hot lipped simoon."

THE country friends who desire a quiet home when in the city, can find it at Dr. Miller's, 314 Ellis street, where everything is kept in first-class order.

THAT good and faithful worker and medium, Melissa Miller, who has been laboring in the "Vineyard of the Lord" in Salt Lake city for the past six months or more, has gone to Ouset, Mass., where she will represent the interests of the GOLDEN WAY. After the close of the camp, she will return to Salt Lake and continue her work.

THE *Progressive Thinker*, the live spiritual paper of the day, up with the advanced thoughts of the hour, full of reading to suit all classes of readers of progressive thoughts and attainments, fearless, straight-forward, independent and clean, is before us. The secret of its *unbounded* success is it aims straight at the point.

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN is spending the month at The Coronado, San Diego, which leaves the editorial duties devolving entirely on the other half of the firm, for this issue.

THE many friends of Dr. Pettigrew and Mrs. Hamilton will be pleased to learn of their safe arrival in Chicago. They had a delightful overland trip.

THE photo-gravure of Anna Daniels, the materializing medium for the Sun Angel Order, will appear in the September number of the GOLDEN WAY. We would call the attention of the members to the fact, that she is far from well and needs the care and thoughtful consideration of the members of the Order.

MRS. ALFRED W. ADAMS, a healer of superior powers, is now the guest of Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, but will shortly take up the profession of healing and thus give the suffering the benefit of her wonderful gifts. The readers of GOLDEN WAY will be notified of her whereabouts when she is ready for work.

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Mrs. Tuttle is well known as a poetess and author of many exquisite songs.—*Nat. Eve Spectator*.

Her poems are worthy to hang like a banner on our walls to recall us daily to our better selves.—*Hester M. Poole*.

A poet with abundant talent and versatility.—*Banner of Light*.

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It arises from the perusal of *PSYCHIC SCIENCE* with delight. Not a paragraph that is not eminently attractive.—*Hester M. Poole*. A veritable mint of sterling treasure. *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*. A book of originality and curious interest, even if the reader does not accept his theories and conclusions.—*Home Journal*.

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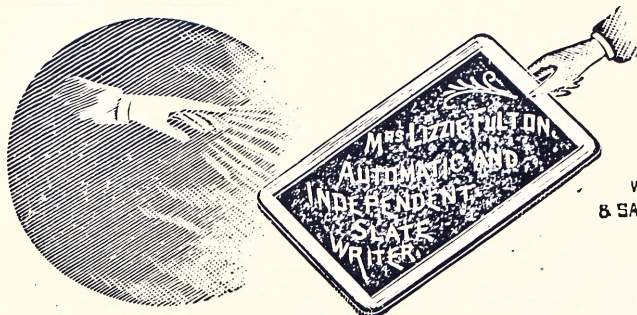
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